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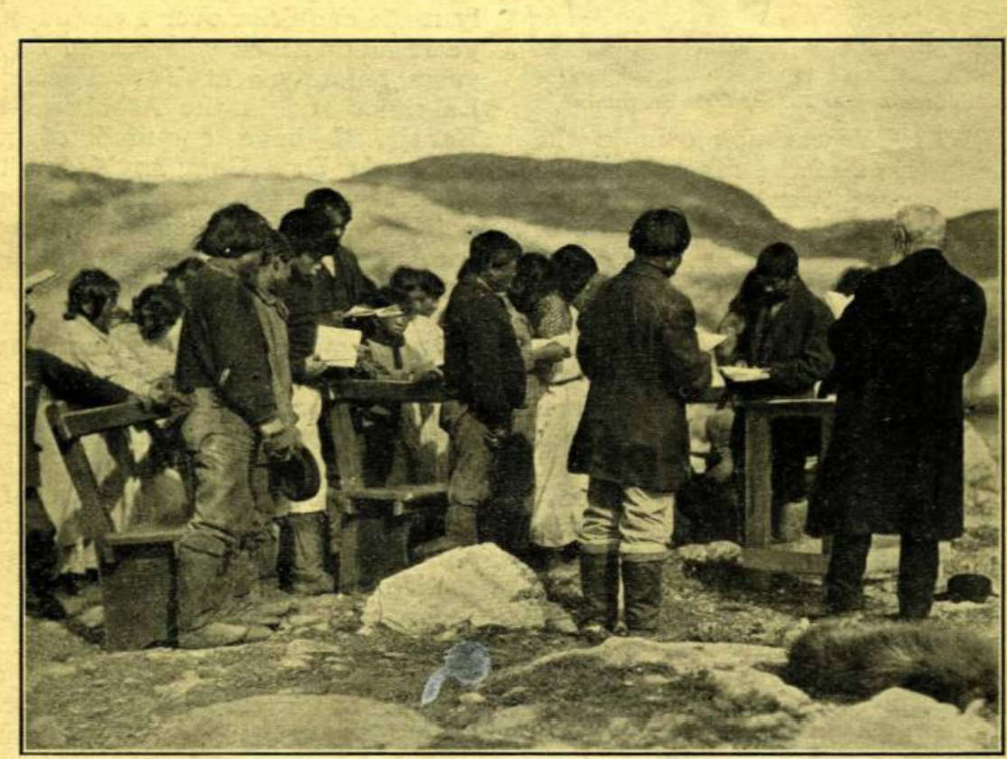
The Beaver

A Journal of Progress



PRAYER MEETING

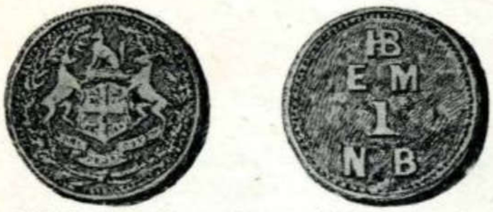
SINGING HYMNS on the desolate shores of Hudson Bay. These Eskimo hunters of H.B.C. are devout in worship and gather regularly for prayer meeting, when within reach of the Mission. There is scarcely a band of Eskimos or Indians in the isolation of the Northland who have not in some degree felt the influence of the Christian Church.

Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

The Monetary System of the Far Fur Country

Values of Pelts and Merchandise Was Measured in "Made-Beaver" or "Skins"; Many Queer Canards About H.B.C. Trade Tactics Not Founded on Facts

By CHRIS. HARDING, *District Manager, Nelson River*



H.B.C. Made-beaver Tokens from Eastmain

CURRENCY was unknown in the fur districts of the far north until within the past twenty years. From earliest times the principal medium of exchange in northern Canada has been the "made-beaver" system introduced by the Hudson's Bay Company soon after commencing its trading operations in the North American wilds.

For purposes of bartering furs and the purchase of all supplies, the Indians became accustomed to the unit of value known as "1 made-beaver" or "1 skin," and these were synonymous. The system of measuring values by "skins" was a natural substitute for the currency of civilized countries. The Company instituted the "skin" as a monetary unit because of its simplicity and fairness and because it provided the only basis upon which intelligent trading might be carried on with the natives.

The general public is not aware of the true significance of the terms "made-beaver" or "skins." Misconceptions have been fostered concerning the value of these units and in regard to the media of exchange employed during the early history of the fur trade. For example, one great *canard* which has gained general circulation from time to time and which is quite generally accepted as a fact, relates to the story of the long-barreled rifle and the pile of furs.

It has been represented that the old-time "trade gun" (which came to be a primary item in an Indian trapper's equipment) was stood on end at the fur post while the native piled up pelts to reach the muzzle of the rifle, whereupon the Indian took the gun and the Company retained the furs.

Regarding this story, I have diligently made enquiries over a period of five years among men who served for fifty years before me at York Factory, in Labrador and in the Athabasca-MacKenzie. I have enquired of many Hudson's Bay Company's fur trade officers and of the older men among the natives of all the Indian countries from the Arctic circle to Winnipeg and there is not even a legend in support of this story.

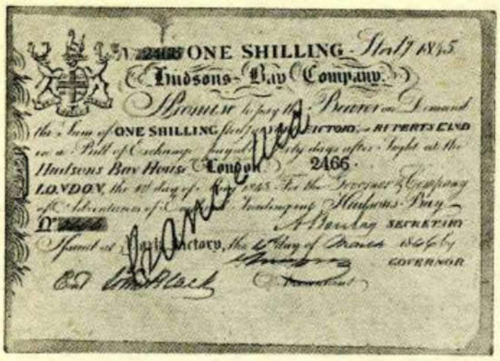
A search of the ancient records and post accounts of the Company at Hudson's Bay House, London, does not reveal that any such system was ever used by the Company in trading.

The only explanation seems to be that competitors or enemies of the Company originated and disseminated this and other fabrications as a vent for malice.

Divers tokens were in use at different times and in various districts, each token representing a "skin," or a fraction or a multiple thereof. Objects such as ivory discs, quills, smooth round pegs or sticks, lead shot and brass coins represented "made-beavers" or "skins." In some districts the Company issued coinage in brass with denominations of ⅛, ¼, ½ and 1 Made-Beaver and such coins were in general use on the east coast of Hudson Bay and in British Columbia until within the past ten years.

During the nineteenth century the Company also circulated a paper currency in the form of 1 shilling, 5 shillings, 15 shillings and 1 pound notes which were quite generally used in the more southerly departments of the fur trade among traders, but not with the Indians.

When the vanguard of the "Adventurers" came to Hudson Bay in



H.B.C. One-Shilling Note, Dated 1845

1670, the first returns of trade consisted almost exclusively of beaver pelts. The earliest measure of value became "*one large beaver skin, prime*"; so it was natural that when other kinds of furs came into demand they should be valued in terms of "beavers." But there was a variation in the value of the beaver skins themselves to correspond with variation in size and condition; there was also the necessity of providing "small change" in the form of tokens or values in fractions of the actual worth of a standard beaver skin.

Thus it was necessary to "make a beaver" or establish a small unit and *call* it a beaver. The "made-beaver" monetary system, therefore, was a natural outgrowth of the conditions of the time and the region in which it developed.

According to a former H.B.C. district manager in the MacKenzie River, one scale of prices paid by the Company to Indians during the closing years of the last century were:

Fur	Made-Beaver or Skins (tokens)
Beaver	12
Bear	20
Ermine	½
Fisher	30
Fox (red)	10
Fox (silver)	150
Lynx	10
Marten	10
Mink	5
Musquash	¼
Otter	25

It will be seen that a beaver skin itself was valued at 12 "skins" or "made-beaver"; the Company gave the Indian 12 tokens called "skins" or "made-beaver" for his one large beaver skin. The native then turned to the dry goods counter and, for example, exchanged his 12 "made-beaver" tokens for three yards of white duffle—which was priced in the H.B.C. post store at 4 "skins" or "made-beavers" a yard. At the "book value" of fifty cents per "skin" or "made-beaver" token, the value of the goods purchased was $2.00 a yard or $6.00 total. A four-point H.B.C. blanket was held at 10 skins in those days. A heavy wool shawl cost 20 "made-beaver." A tweed suit (that smacked of Scotland) brought 30 skins.

All staple goods—necessities of the north—were sold by H.B.C. at "cost landed" or at a price very close to the *actual cost* of the merchandise, including transport. Variations in the number of "skins" asked for a given staple article of merchandise were therefore in accordance with the location of the district and the difficulties of freighting. Fancy lines such as jewelry and silk handkerchiefs were sold by the Company at 50% above "cost landed."

In general, the H.B.C. system of trading with the Indians by means of the crude currency of the hinterland known as "made-beaver" or "skins" was most rigidly straightforward and fair to all connected with the transactions. The Indian got his gun or his tobacco which had been brought to him at great labor and expense over thousands of miles of wilderness. The Indian was satisfied and happy to hand over his furs (for which he had no other market), but the Hudson's Bay Company was under the necessity of transporting those furs across a continent and over an ocean before the capital invested in the particular transaction and in the posts, men and equipment was "turned over" and a profit realized. Two or three years passed before that gun or tobacco realized its small markup.

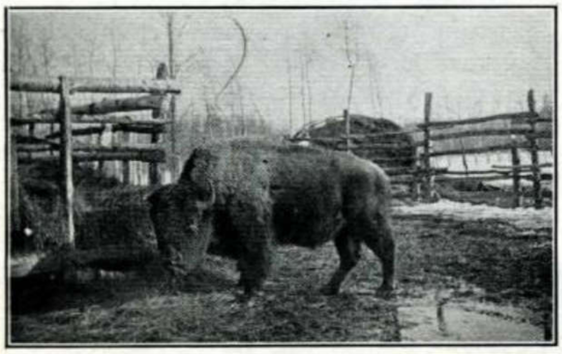
It has been represented in some quarters that the value of "1 made-beaver" or "1-skin" was more or less an imaginary value and that individual traders were permitted to manipulate the value of the tokens or coins to suit their profit opportunities. Sufficient refutation of this claim is found in the facts that for two hundred years the value of 1 "made-beaver" or 1 "skin" was from 30 to 50 cents and that from the very outset of the fur trade in North America, Hudson's Bay Company issued "purchasing tariffs" at London, copies of which were sent to every officer and trader, giving them a regular schedule of rates of exchange between furs and staple commodities.

One of the first purchasing tariffs issued by the Company instructed traders to give the following exchange:

Article	Beaver Skins
1 Gun	12
1 lb. Powder	2
4 lbs. Shot	1
1 Hatchet	½
1 Knife	⅛
1 Red Coat	5
1 lb. Tobacco	1

It must be remembered that the money value of one "skin" (approximately 50c) was for bookkeeping purposes only. The Indian had no idea of money value as we know it. But the Indian possessed a very accurate knowledge of the value of a "skin." This unit was just as intelligible to him as 50 cents is to us. The Indian knew that, for example, the value of a "skin" was equal to the value of a half pound of powder. For a 1-"skin" token he expected to get a pound of tea or two hatchets or a kettle or eight small knives. The Indians have always trusted implicitly the fairness of H.B.C. trading tariffs. They became very keen bargainers when dealing in the "made-beaver" or "skin" currency and very intelligent at judging the value of their own catch of fur on the basis of that medium of exchange.

To state, therefore, as has been done by some, that the value of a "made-beaver" was imaginary and that as many as 40 "skins" or "made-beaver" were sometimes required by H.B.C. from the Indian for a dollar's worth of value, displays a lack of both knowledge and commonsense and even betrays an intent toward unfairness.



BUFFALO photographed in 1898 on Lord Strathcona's farm at Silver Heights, Manitoba, by Mr. Frank Leggo.

Trying to Tucker Out a Greenhorn

By ASHTON ALSTON

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago I was stationed at Norway House under Junior Chief Trader McDonald. About two weeks before Christmas Mr. McDonald said to me, "I will want you to start for Cross lake in the morning and see Mr. McLeod and get his invoices and post accounts and bring them back with you."

In the evening I was sitting in the bachelors' hall, commonly known as the Ram Pasture, when Bob Whiteway, the storekeeper, said, "I have your rations put up for you and here is a nice light pair of showshoes. I think that you will be all right, but I heard the Indians say that they were going to try to play you out before you get to Cross lake. Don't let them do it."

The following morning we got away at 6 o'clock, the guide going at fast run. I was right at his heels and the dogs coming on strong behind.

We kept up this pace until ten o'clock, when we stopped for breakfast. "Are you tired?" the guide asked. "How can I be tired," I replied, "when we have just left the post." The Indians evidently thought that a good joke and laughed, but said nothing more. After breakfast we again started, the guide still maintaining a fast pace. I remember looking at the thermometer before starting. It registered 35 below.

At two o'clock the guide said, "We are leaving the dogs too far behind. Let us make a fire and wait for them." When the dogs came up we had dinner. Then the guide said, "Are you tired?" I replied that I was just beginning to feel good. The Indians grinned.

Then away we went again. The pace was beginning to tell on the guide. I laughed to myself but said nothing. At about 6:30 we came to some Indian shacks and the guide stopped. When the sled came the Indians started to unlash it. "What are you fellows doing?" I said. "We are going to camp here," replied the guide, "it is about twenty miles to the Post and we can't get there tonight." "Look here," I said, "we are not going to stop this side of the Post. We will have a cup of tea and go on." We drew up to the Post at 2 o'clock that night, having done sixty miles.

Discovery of the Athabasca Region by Samuel Hearne of H.B.C., 1769

Arranged by J. PREST, *Associate Editor*

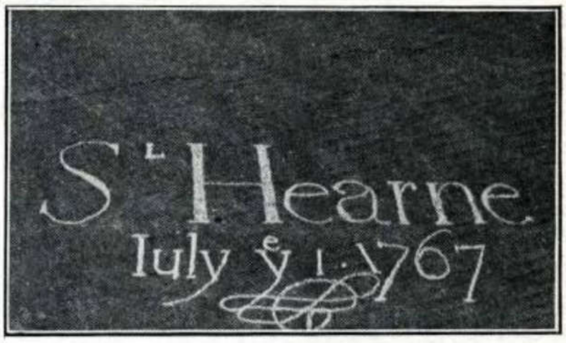
SAMUEL HEARNE was a well-educated young Englishman serving as an H.B.C. clerk at Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay under Governor Norton. For years the Chipewyan Indians had been coming to the Fort to trade, laden with copper cooking utensils, copper strung necklaces and other ornaments for personal adornment.

From whence came this copper? Strange to say, the world even to this day cannot find the main source of supply. The Indians said the metal was procured from a far-away river that ran to a vast sea where the tide ebbed and flowed. This stream is now known as the Coppermine river and flows into the Arctic ocean. However, the location of the immensely rich copper deposits from which the Indians got their supply still remains a secret.

It was in search of this far-away river that Hearne was sent by Governor Norton. Towards the end of the year 1769, a party of Chipewyan Indians offered to guide the H.B.C. men to the region from whence they obtained the copper, and preparations were immediaately made for the trip.

Seven great guns roared their God-speed as the Fort gates opened and Hearne sped out by dog train for his inland trip north on November 6th, 1769. Norton waved a farewell and Hearne disappeared over the rolling drifts with two Indians as guides and two white men as packers to look after provisions. Striking northwestward, Hearne was joined by other traveling Indians.

Bitterly cold weather set in. One Indian guide deserted the first night out and the other proved himself an impudent beggar, who camped when it was cold and camped when it was wet and paused to hunt when it was fair, but laid up no stock of provisions, giving Hearne plainly to understand that the whole Indian cavalcade looked to the white men's sleighs for food.



Inscription Made by Hearne on Rock Near Fort Churchill

The travellers did not make ten miles a day. At the end of the month Hearne wakened one morning to find his stores plundered and gales of laughter ringing back as the Indians marched off with their booty. Not even guns were left. Rabbit and partridge snaring saved the three men from starving as they retreated. They were safely inside the Fort once more by December 11th. Hearne's object in setting out in mid-winter had been to reach the north before summer, and, nothing daunted, he again set forth with five fresh guides on February 23rd, 1770, again depending on snares for food.

April saw the marchers halted on the borders of the Barren Lands scouring the wide wastes of treeless swamps and rock for game. Caribou had retreated inland and had not yet begun their traverse to the Bay. Until wild fowls came winging north the camp lived on snow-water, tobacco and such scraps of leather and dried meat as had not already been devoured. A chance herd of wandering deer relieved the famine till June when rations were again reduced, this time to wild cranberries. Then the traverse of the caribou herds came, a rush of countless myriads with the tramp of an army and the clicking of a multitude of horns from west to east for weeks.

Indians had gathered to the traverse in hundreds. Moss served as fuel.

Provisions were abundant. Hearne had almost decided to winter with the wandering Chipewyans when they again began to plunder his store of ammunition. Wind had smashed some of the survey instruments, so he joined a band of hunters on their way to the Fort, which he reached on November 25th.

Hearne had not found the "Far Away Metal River," nor the copper mines, nor the Northwest Passage, but he had found fresh tribes of Indians and these were what Norton wanted.

December 7th, 1770, less than a month from his home-coming, Hearne was again despatched by Norton. *Matonabbee,* a famous guide of the Chipewyans, accompanied the explorer with a retinue of his wives to draw sleds and handle baggage. Almost as notable as Norton was *Matonabbee,* the Chipewyan chief—an Indian of iron constitution and iron will, pitiless to his wives, whom he used as beasts of burden; relentless in his aims, fearless of all Indians; a giant measuring more than six feet, straight as an arrow, supple as willow, hard as nails.

Imperturbable and good-natured *Matonabbee* set the pace at winged speed, pausing for neither hunger nor cold. Christmas week was celebrated by fasting. *Matonabbee* uttered no complaint, and the white man could not well turn back when the Indian was as eager for the next day's march as if he had supped sumptuously instead of going to bed on a meal of moss water. Self-pity, fear, hesitation, were emotions of which the guide knew nothing. He had undertaken to lead Hearne to the "Far Away Metal River," and only death could stop him.

In the Barren Lands, caribou enough were killed to afford the whole company provisions for six months, and the marchers were joined by two hundred more Indians. Wood became scarcer and smaller as they marched north. *Matonabbee* halted in April and ordered his wives to camp while the men made dugouts for the voyage down stream. The boats were heavy in front to resist the ice jams. If Hearne had marveled at the large company now following *Matonabbee* to a hard, dangerous hunting field, he quickly guessed good reasons when wives and children were ordered to head westward and await the warrior's return at Lake Athabasca.

Women are ordered away only when there is prospect of war, and Hearne could easily surmise whence the Chipewyans annually obtained eleven thousand of their best beaver pelts.

The sun no longer set. It was continual day, and on June 12th, 1771, the swamps of the Barrens converged to a narrow, rocky river bed whence roared a misty cataract, the "Far Away Metal River"—the Coppermine River—without any sign of the ebbing tide that was expected to lead to the South Sea. When Hearne came back to his Indian companions from the river bed he found them stripped and daubed in war paint, gliding as if in ambush from stone to stone down the steep declivity of the waterfall. Then far below the rapids, like the tops of big boulders, appeared the rounded leather tent peaks of an Eskimo camp.

The Eskimos were apparently sound asleep, for it was midnight though as light as day.

Before Hearne could collect his senses or alarm the sleeping victims, he had been left far in the rear by his villainous comrades. Then occurred one of the most deplorable tragedies in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. The raiders fell on the Eskimos like wolves on the sheepfold. Not content with plundering the camp of beaver pelts, they speared, stabbed, bludgeoned, men, women, children, old and young, till the river ran red with innocent blood.

Rushing forward, Hearne implored *Matonabbee* to stop the slaughter. *Matonabbee's* response was a burst of laughter. What were the weak for but to be victims of the strong? What did these fool Eskimos toil for but to render tribute of their toil to him, who had the force to take?

The doctrine was not a new one. Neither was it yet old, only we moderns do our bludgeoning with financial coercion, competition, monopoly or what not, instead of the butt end of a gun, or stone spear, and it would be instructive to know if philosophers in a thousand years will consider our method as barbarous as we consider those of the savages of two hundred years ago.

One year later, on July 17th, Hearne stood on the shores of the Arctic ocean, the first white man to witness the tossing ice floes of that green, lone sea, but his vision was not the exaltation of an explorer. It was a hideous memory of young girls speared bodily through and through and left writhing pinioned to the ground, of young boys whose hearts were torn out and devoured while warm, of old men and women gouged, buffeted and beaten to death. It does not make a pretty picture that doctrine of the supremacy of strength, the survival of the fit, the extermination of the weak. It does not make a pretty picture when you reduce it to terms of the physical. How quickly wild-beast savagery may reduce men to the level of beasts was witnessed as Hearne rested on the shores of the Arctic.

Retreating up the shelving rocks of the Coppermine twenty miles, Hearne found what he thought were the copper mines from which the Indians made their metal weapons. The company then struck westward for the famous Athabasca region where the wives were to camp for the winter. Athabasca proved a hunter's paradise, as it has been ever since Hearne discovered it. Beaver abounded in the swampy muskegs. Buffalo roamed to the south. Moose yards were found in the wooded bluffs. Mink, marten, fox, every furbearer which the English Adventurers sought. In the spring, a flotilla carried the Indians down to the H.B.C. post at Churchill, where Hearne arrived on June 30th, 1772.

The geographical importance of Hearne's discovery, the fact that he had found a region half the size of European Russia and proved that not a narrow strip of land lay between the Atlantic and Pacific but a vast continent was eclipsed by the importance of his discoveries for H.B.C. The region must be occupied by the English Company before the French Canadians found it. Old Moses Norton, sick unto death, hastened to send word to the governing committee in London, and the governing committee voted Hearne a present of £200, £10 a year for a valet, £130 a year as a salary, and promotion as governor on Norton's death, which occurred December 29th, 1773.

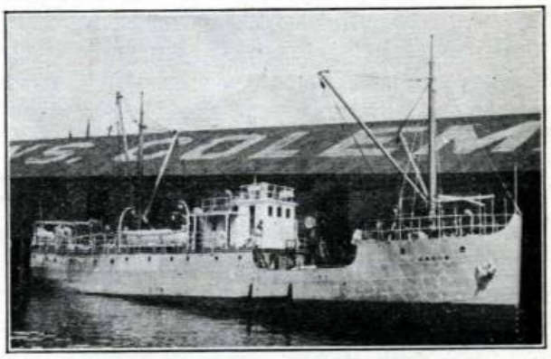
NOTE—The above extracts have been obtained from Memoirs and Records in the archives of Hudson's Bay House, London, England, and published by Agnes Laut in her book, "The Conquest of the Great North-West."

From left to right, top row—Anton Hoogendyk, C. H. French, V. W. Elphick, E. K. Skuce, Captain T. P. O'Kelly, R. George, L. Romanet.

H.B.C. Testing New Fur Fields

THE Schooner "Casco," chartered by H.B.C. for the Siberian trade, sailed from Vancouver May 19th, carrying the Hudson's Bay Company's flag into Russian fur fields around the Kamchatka peninsula.

The sailing of the "Casco" is considered significant in that it foreshadows still greater expansion in the activities of the historic Company that for 251 years has displayed inveterate enterprise and tenacious zeal in development of commerce.



The "Casco" ready to Sail

Stores Headquarters Staff Settled at Winnipeg

ADMINISTRATIVE offices of the stores department were removed from Vancouver to Winnipeg, May 5th, new quarters being established at 807 Electric Railway Chambers. Officers and staff transferred to Winnipeg in connection with the move are: *James S. Braidwood, Chief Inspector; H. H. Hollier, W. M. McLean, T. Hargreaves, R. Douglas and A. B. Mitchell.*

Big Game of British Columbia

The Cariboo, the Moose, the Mountain Sheep and Bear; How They Are Hunted and Their Economic Value to the Indians.

By C. H. FRENCH

District Manager for British Columbia

DURING the early history of British Columbia, and indeed to a great extent up to the present time, each big-game animal had its own peculiar economic value to the aborigines who inhabited that part of the country. The skins and flesh of these animals were utilized. Even to-day, the moose is to these Indians what the buffalo was to the prairie Indians, the seal to the Eskimo, and the salmon to the coast Indians. Until but a few years ago the cariboo held first place, but to-day the moose has this distinction in the economic life of the Indian.

Cariboo range over all that part of America north of about the fiftieth parallel of latitude and are more numerous in the Barren Lands than in any other region. There they have plenty of moss, which is their main subsistence. They have been known to travel in enormous bands, sometimes requiring days, it is said, to pass a given point. Farther south we find their habits slightly changed, caused by the nature of the country. In the Cassiar district, bordering on the Yukon territory, they attain perfection in size, color and general condition, and especially prior to the seventies were prized by the Indians in that part of British Columbia for their peculiar economic value. Cariboo flesh was highly esteemed. Its skin was most valued for clothing and for sleeping mats, and the sinews from its legs furnished thread for sewing, for making fish nets and bow strings. Its horns and bones furnished skin-dressing implements, knives, spoons, awls and other tools. Ornaments were also fashioned from them.

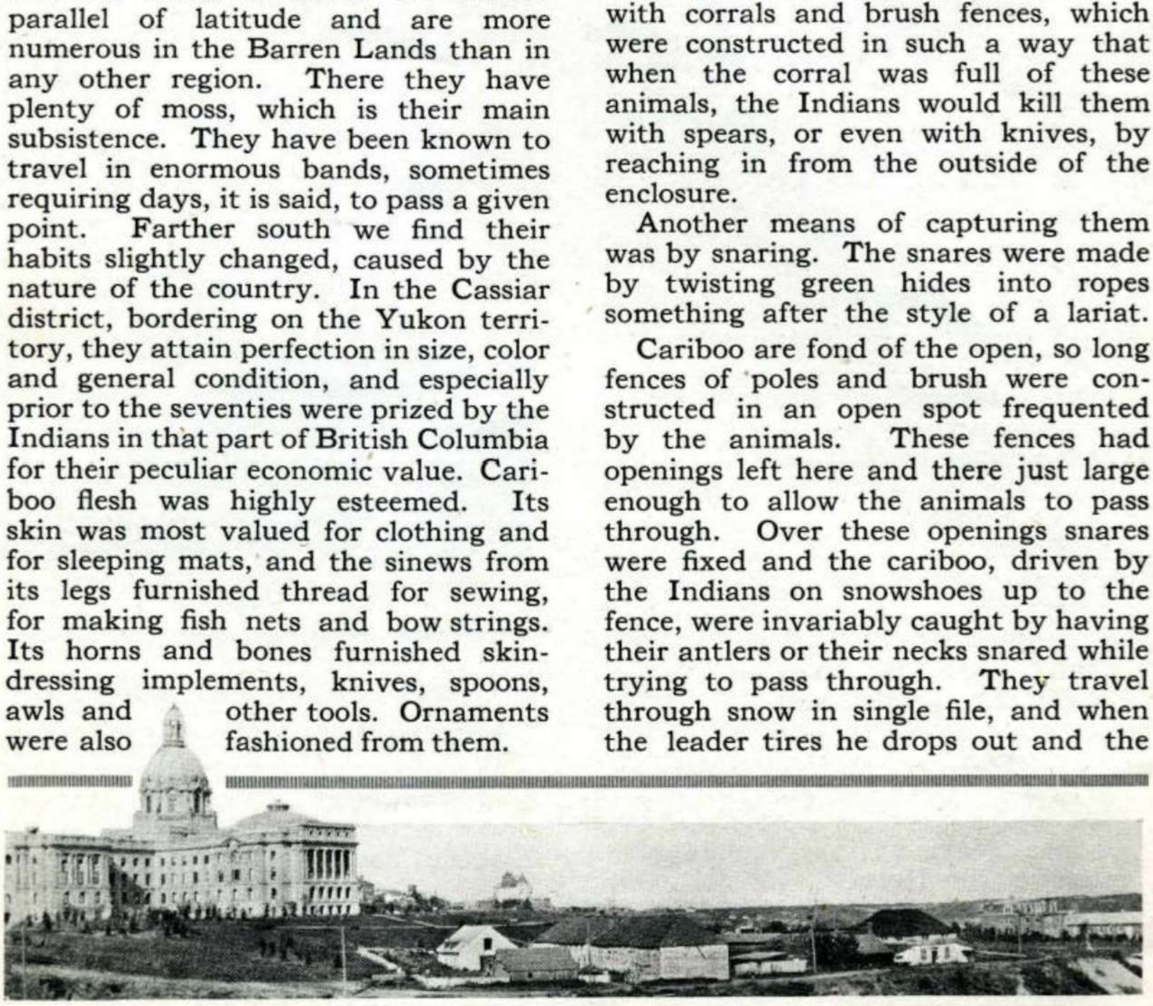
The cariboo range during summer is usually high up in the mountains. In the fall they band together and are driven by the snow from the highlands to the lowlands. At this season they are fat and well furred.

In the days prior to the advent of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the introduction of flintlock guns, cariboo were hunted in the most primitive fashion, for the most part during the early winter and later when the snow became too deep for the animals to travel fast.

In the vicinity of Dease lake and northward, they were quite plentiful and were captured by the natives with corrals and brush fences, which were constructed in such a way that when the corral was full of these animals, the Indians would kill them with spears, or even with knives, by reaching in from the outside of the enclosure.

Another means of capturing them was by snaring. The snares were made by twisting green hides into ropes something after the style of a lariat.

Cariboo are fond of the open, so long fences of poles and brush were constructed in an open spot frequented by the animals. These fences had openings left here and there just large enough to allow the animals to pass through. Over these openings snares were fixed and the cariboo, driven by the Indians on snowshoes up to the fence, were invariably caught by having their antlers or their necks snared while trying to pass through. They travel through snow in single file, and when the leader tires he drops out and the



Old Fort Edmonton in the Foreground, Alberta Parliament Buildings and the Macdonald Hotel in the Distance next one takes the lead for a time. When the snow reaches a depth that makes it impossible for them to move they select a timbered spot where the moss hangs from the branches of the trees, and here they stay until spring, and all their summer and fall accumulated fat is quite necessary to carry them through these few weeks of food scarcity.

It can be readily understood how easy it was for the Indians, who were very expert with snowshoes, to kill every animal found "yarded up."' Their principal protection was their starved condition at this season, and I believe they suffered more from the timber wolves than the natives.

These noble animals will fight when necessary, not only with their horns, but with their front feet, by rearing up on their hind legs and striking; therefore, the Indian did not risk getting too close unless he had a brush fence between him and the animal.

The history of the occurrence of the moose in this section, I am told, cannot fully be accounted for. The moose is believed to have been a habitant of all this region in earlier days but for some reason the animals almost entirely disappeared in 1800, making their appearance again in large numbers in 1877. Since then they have steadily increased and have extended their range westward to far below Telegraph creek and south even to the Fraser river and Griscome, but not in any great numbers.

Moose apparently thrive in this part of the country, and are very fond of the long, pointed leaf willow which borders every lake and river in that section. A trip in a canoe down almost any river will be rewarded by the sight of them eating from these willows or grazing from the long tender grass that comes up above the water in every slough or shallow bay. The headwaters of the Tuya and the tributaries of the Taku are the most favored resorts of these stately creatures, and while they perhaps exceed the Cook's Inlet moose in size, the spread of their horns is hardly so great.

On account of the great length of their legs it requires very deep snow to make them yard up, but when the snow does get too deep for them they yard up just as do the cariboo. If you want to see them fight just intrude one of their yards and you will have to shoot quickly or they will very soon put you past being able to shoot.

They are killed by the natives in the fall in large numbers, and their flesh is dried and preserved for lean times during the winter. The skins are tanned and used for making moccasins and clothing, besides being cut up in long strips for snowshoe *babiche*.

The mountain sheep are found in great numbers across from Telegraph creek, high up in the mountains. The Iskoot, Nahlin, Shesley and Teslin countries also are favored spots. They are very wary and could never have proved easy prey to the Indians when they had to depend on primitive arms. Now that modern rifles are owned by every native, the story is different. In appearance these mountain sheep are graceful and their flesh is the most delicate of all the animals of the continent. The skin makes ideal sleeping mats. The horns, after boiling, can be cut, shaped and pressed into dishes, spoons, tools and ornaments that have always had a ready market with the coast Indians.

The mountain goat is also plentiful in this region, and is hunted and made use of in the same way as the sheep.

I now come to perhaps the most fascinating of all big game—the bear family. The black, as well as the grizzly, are abundant throughout the mountain districts. They are hunted by the Indians, both for their flesh and pelts, and many a thrilling story of incidents in these hunts has been told around camp fires. The grizzly bear is particularly feared because he is hard to kill and will fight to his last breath.

As you know, all bears in cold countries hibernate and with the first sign of spring wake up and go outside. At this time their pelts are the most valuable, consequently are hunted diligently. Nearly every Indian who hunts bears has several small dogs that he keeps for no other purpose than to help him at this season. The crust on the snow is very hard and every night enough new snow falls to show a trail very distinctly.

During the berry season, deadfalls and snares are used and later the bears are hunted just as the sportsman hunts when he arrives on the scene.

H.B.C. Expedition from Fort Garry to Kentucky

First Experimental Farm in Manitoba Started by the Great Company in 1831; Stocked With Sheep Brought from U.S.

By W. H. HUTTON, Pas Mountain Post.

THE first experimental farm in Manitoba was started in 1831 by the Hudson's Bay Company. This farm was located about four miles up the Assiniboine river from old Fort Garry and was under the management of Chief Factor MacMillan, assisted by Robert Campbell, who had arrived from Scotland the previous fall and who was employed by the Company especially for this work.

The extraordinary difficulties experienced in this venture may perhaps be best illustrated by recounting from Mr. Campbell's diary a few extracts concerning a trip made to the United States for a flock of sheep which the Company was anxious to introduce into the settlement.

This expedition, which demonstrated the mettle of the H.B.C. men composing it, was entrusted to the command of W. Glenn Rae, a clerk in the Service, together with a retired H.B.C. clerk named Bourke. The others in the party were Mr. Campbell, Joseph Rocke, interpreter, a French halfbreed; James Sette, described as "our confidential major domo"; Peter Hayden, a middle-aged Irishman; J. Baptiste Latourelle, French Canadian; Charles Gaspard Bruce, French halfbreed, who at one time had been Lord Selkirk's Salteau interpreter; Clement Fiddler and Dick Atkinson, young English halfbreeds.

This expedition left Fort Garry on the 8th of November, 1832, and crossed to St. Boniface, meaning to take the east side of the Red river because there was less danger from hostile bands of Sioux on that side. Their outfit consisted of two Red river carts drawn by ponies. These were in charge of two of the party. The others had a saddle horse each.

At the end of the second day they found that it would be impossible to follow the east side of the Red as the route was crossed and re-crossed by swamps; so in spite of the fact that hostile Indians might be met with on the west side, they were forced to cross and seek a better trail. Pembina was reached on the 12th and they met there Mr. Atkins, an American trader, who with his two men helped them to cross the river.

They were now in the Sioux country and had no trail, so they travelled according to a definite plan to avoid being surprised by the Indians. They started out at 3 a.m. each day; breakfasted about 9 a.m. if wood and water were handy and camped about sundown; while two men kept watch over the camp and horses every night. Usually after the evening meal they moved on for a mile or two before lying down for the night in case the smoke from their fires should have been seen by Indians. They learned on their return that by these precautions they had evaded a party of Sioux who had followed them for three days.

The expedition crossed the Little Salt river on the 13th and the Big Salt on the 14th. They crossed the Turtle, Goose, Elm, and Cheyenne Rivers, and the grand forks, where the Ottertail joins the Red. This was the worst part of the journey for Indian troubles as it was debatable ground between the Sioux and their neighbours to the south. For several days the party had been travelling through a burned country and their horses were suffering for want of grass.

They left the Ottertail on the 20th and crossed Traverse de Sioux, arriving at Lac Traverse late on the 21st. Mr. Moore, in charge of the trading post there, gave them a kindly welcome.

Faribault Post was passed on the 1st of December. Then they crossed to the south side of the river and continued on through the woods till sundown. Next morning on awakening they found themselves covered by a blanket of snow five inches deep. To keep warm they started moving on again immediately and arrived at dark at Fort Snelling, where the St. Peter's river joins the Mississippi.

All that day they had been cheering themselves with the thought that they might be in time to get down to St. Louis on the last boat of the season, but were doomed to disappointment, as they found the last boat had gone, the river frozen, and the ground covered with snow.

They were delayed for a day or two, making arrangements for the continuation of their journey which was accomplished with the help of Mr. Bailly, the gentleman in charge of the Fort, so after securing a guide, some horses and flat sled, the journey was resumed on the 8th December.

Here the historian of the party says, "Our Indian-like habiliments and swarthy faces caused considerable wonderment on the part of inhabitants of the settlements and villages we passed through. The people were very inquisitive as to who we were, where we were going; they were suspicious because scouting parties were out after Black Hawk, for which famous warrior our veteran, C. G. Bruce, was frequently mistaken."

They finally reached St. Louis, having covered about 1800 miles in 56 days. Inquiries were made as to where sheep were to be obtained and the usual reply was, "Kentucky." The full outfit proceeded to Kentucky and collected several large flocks.

Everything was ready for a start back to Red river on the 2nd of May. With a band of 1100 sheep and lambs the start was made, 200 more animals being added the next day.

The heat was oppressive and the mosquitoes very bad, yet it was surprising that they made about twelve miles a day, sometimes more. They crossed the Wabash and passed through Terre Haute, Indiana, on the 22nd of May. The Illinois river was crossed at Fort Clark on the 3rd of June. As there was no trail to Rock Island, a guide was hired, who drove the wagon ahead. On the 8th of June they had their first introduction to the prairie spear-grass. On the tenth 5 sheep were found killed by rattlesnakes.

Rock Island ferry was reached on the thirteenth, where they astonished the natives with their big drove, these being the same people who had mistaken them for a band of Indians in the previous December.

After crossing the Mississippi on the 17th they camped and clipped the sheep and lambs, although they had all been clipped before starting, but the drove was suffering badly from the spear-grass through which they had been driven, and quite a few had already been lost through this cause. The clipping and pulling of "spears" from the bodies and limbs of the sheep was described as sickening work, some of the animals being one mass of sores which had become infested by maggots. Besides, the heat was terrific and the flies maddening. However, they made progress and, to save carting the wool, they sold it to a man in the neighborhood who as soon as he found out that they could not take it along, declined to go through with his bargain, thinking to get the wool for nothing; but as Mr. Campbell quaintly remarked, "we left the ashes behind."

Mr. Davenport, the Indian trader at Rock Island, bought some lame sheep from them and supplied them with a guide, as they here entered the Indian prairies. There was no trail, so on the 21st they again got under way with a drove now reduced to 670 as a result of the spear-grass. They reached the debatable lands, near the Sioux territory. From there they had no guide except the compass and often were forced to kill a sheep for the kettle.

On the 11th they arrived at Lac qui Parle, their flock of sheep reduced to 259 and went on to Lac Traverse to arrange with the Sioux Chiefs for a safe passage through their territory. They saw hundreds of Sioux camped around the Post and were introduced to the head chief, Wanata, to whom Mr. Rae gave a horse that seemed to please the Chief. Presents were also given to all the lesser chiefs. Wanata sent one of the chiefs, La Guerre, and another to see them safely through their country.

Ducks and geese were plentiful; they were well supplied with food. So anxious was Wanata that his orders for a safe passage should be strictly observed, he and his brother surprised the party by riding into their camp on the Cheyenne River, to see that they were getting along all right. More presents were given and here the Sioux chiefs turned back again.

Two men were despatched ahead with letters for Fort Garry and on the 12th September they arrived at Grand Point where they were pleasantly surprised to find a boat sent up from the Fort to meet them. Sixty of the lame sheep were shipped on the boat.

On the 16th at noon the party reached Fort Garry and both sheep and horses were crossed before dark.

"Thus ended our long, harassing and dangerous trip," says the diary, "a trip which was most disappointing in its results, on account of our ignorance of the effects of spear-grass, yet no blame could possibly be laid on any of the party."

The winter of 1833-4 saw the farm prospering under H.B.C. management, and the livestock was doing well.

Tennis for the Jaded Fur Trader?

By J. E. T. ARMSTRONG, Post D7

IN the cities, and even among the farming communities where people naturally gather socially, sport and amusements of various kinds are taken as a matter of course and little thought of as a necessity; but among the far-flung, isolated inland Posts of H.B.C., recreation and sports should be given some consideration if we are to keep "Jack from being a dull boy."

Canoeing, hunting and fishing are the only recreations usually available and these become tiresome and take one away too far and too long from the Post; besides, being more or less closely related to the work of the fur trader, they can hardly be classed as real relaxation.

One of the sports which could be introduced at a great many places is Lawn Tennis, which, although considered by many "he-men" to be more or less of a ladies' game, is nevertheless a very strenuous pastime; one that can be thoroughly enjoyed by the most energetic and vigorous men as well as by those of less physical strength. Tennis has several advantages over almost any other game that make it particularly appropriate for an isolated fur Post. It may be played by two, three or four players. It requires a very small area of ground and the outfit and equipment are not expensive.

How to Construct a Tennis Court

In selecting the ground for the tennis court, first take a look at the old potato patch. The constant cultivation of the potatoes has loosened up and mellowed the ground so that it is easily worked and leveled and in many cases it is high time anyway that the old potato ground had a rest and the crop put in on new land. Now choose a level place about 100 feet by 50 feet with the long way running north and south. Smooth the ground off well with the garden rake and roll it with a log. This will show the low and high spots, which can again be leveled off.

Then go over it with a good heavy pounder and fill up the soft places as you come to them. After going over it in this way a few times you will have a good, firm, level foundation.

Sow this area thickly with timothy hay seed and gently rake it in; then pray for a nice little shower of rain.

In six weeks you should have a good stand of grass which should be kept clipped as short as possible at all times, leaving the clippings on the ground as they fall from the lawn mower to help fertilize the soil. If you have taken pains to make your ground firm and solid you can use the lawn in ten weeks and you will never regret the time and labor expended in getting it ready.

Of course if you have the right kind of soil you can prepare a clay or dirt court and not have to wait on the grass. The grass court is much nicer for many reasons. It looks so much better and is so much more easily kept in shape and you can keep it marked with whitewash whereas with a dirt court you must have tapes—a needless expense.

The diagram and measurements of the courts will be supplied when you buy your equipment, also the rules of the game.

The reason for laying out the courts north and south is so that the sun will not interfere with the players in the east court when playing in the evening.

When buying your racquets, get good ones. You can't shoot well with a poor gun nor chop with a poor axe; neither can you play well with a poor racquet.

A well-kept grass court adds greatly to the appearance of the place. Everyone at the Post will enjoy the game—men, women and children, young and old. Almost everyone of your visitors has a knowledge of the game; preachers, mining men, mounties, prospectors, surveyors, treaty parties and tourists of all kinds and will enjoy the game and take away pleasant memories of their visit.

And then—after you have achieved a certain proficiency—think of the satisfaction of beating up some of the professionals when you visit Onion lake or Winnipeg.

Chief Ermineskin Dies at 94

ERMINESKIN, Alberta's oldest Indian chief, died May 5th at the Hobbema Reserve near Edmonton. He was ninety-four years old and traded with H.B.C. at Fort Edmonton shortly after that Post was established. Ermineskin took a prominent part in the H.B.C. 250th Anniversary Celebration in May, 1920, and was presented to Sir Robert Kindersley on the occasion of the Governor's visit to Edmonton.

The Company received a long distance call from the Indian agent at Hobbema asking that a representative of the Hudson's Bay Company be present at the funeral.

This request was complied with, and a representative, Mr. Louis LaRocque, took the morning train south, bearing a beautiful floral tribute from the H.B.C. Edmonton retail store, with a suitable inscription for the ceremony.

The Edmonton C.N.W.M.P. also sent two men to represent that historic force, and to pay their last respects to this famous old chief, one of the most loyal of our native subjects.

Horses vs. Oxen as Viewed by One Indian

By J. J. BARKER

ON the east shore of La Loche lake, about ten miles south of H.B.C. Portage la Loche Post, lives a well-known character in that part of the country, a Chipewyan named Alex. Jacko, who has a limited vocabulary in English.

My colleagues who have travelled inland by either canoe or dogs will appreciate the fact that no matter what arrangements are made at a Post the night before for an early start next morning, it is usually 8 or 9 o'clock before you get away. I make it a rule, therefore, that as soon as my work is completed, to leave—even if I camp only a few miles from the Post. Once on the trail there is no more trouble. A shout at any time in the morning will set the guides in motion.

Hence it is that one winter evening I landed at Jacko's about dark, and decided to camp for the night. The evening meal having been disposed of, and pipes lit up, Jacko proceeded to air his English, and incidentally to impress me with his loyalty to the Company. The conversation in part was something like this:

"Me work for the Company; haul freight."

"That's good, Alex. What do you haul freight with?"

"Oh! me got two teams; one team bulls, one team horses."

"Yes. You have a good chance, then, to test the two. Which do you like best, the horses or the bulls?"

"Oh! the bulls. Horses too much hully up, not strong enough. Bulls not much hully up, but a lot strong."

I met him on the trail again last winter, driving a team composed of one horse and one ox. I enquired the idea of mixing the "hully up" with the strong.

"Bad luck. One horse, one bull, die."

Asked how the new combination was working out, he said:

"Not good. Want to sell him horse, buy another bull."

RAW FURS
HUDSON'S BA
FURS

NEW H.B.C. OMNIBUS which will begin carrying passengers this summer across sixteen mile stretch at Smith Portage, from Fitzgerald to Fort Smith on the Athabasca. Mr. C. C. Sinclair, District Manager for Athabasca-Mackenzie, is at the wheel in this view, which was snapped at Edmonton.

FUR TRADE HEAD OFFICE NOTES

Visitors at Fur Trade Headquarters

MR. CHRIS HARDING, district manager for Nelson River, accompanied by Mrs. Harding, arrived in Winnipeg from York Factory, May 1st. Mr. Harding will return to his district headquarters about June 20th.

MR. GEO. RAY, new acting district manager for James Bay with headquarters at Moose Factory, who succeeds Mr. W. C. Rackham (retiring) in charge of the district, was in Winnipeg during May, conferring with officials. Mr. Ray will proceed north about June 10th, when the first H.B.C. canoes come to "the line."

MR. W. G. PHILLIPS, former post manager at Fort Thomson (quondam Ft. Bacon), in the Arctic, returned early in May from a pleasant six months' holiday in the British Isles. Mr. Phillips left Winnipeg May 14th, to take up new duties in the Athabasca-MacKenzie district.

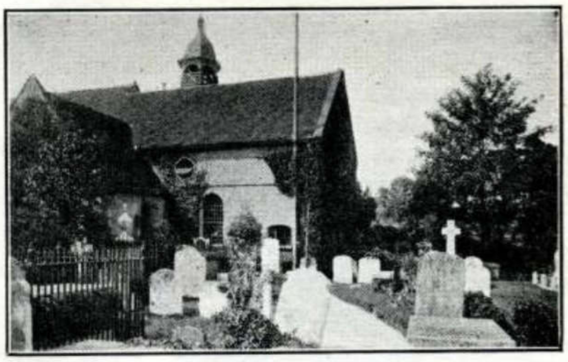
MR. W. R. MITCHELL, post manager at Fort Churchill, reached Winnipeg May 13th, after six months' leave in Scotland, and will go north with district manager and Mrs. Harding at the opening of the transport on the Hudson Bay Route via Hays River.

Bartleman Baby

A fine ten-pound boy was presented by Mrs. John Bartleman, May 18th, to the genial manager of the Keewatin District. Mr. Bartleman says the heir has already been named William Archibald after two of the lad's uncles, maternal and paternal.

Mr. Brabant Back from East

THE Fur Trade Commissioner, Mr. Angus Brabant, returned to Winnipeg, May 21st, after two weeks' absence on Company's business at Fort William, North Bay and Montreal.



This Old English Church Contains H.B.C. Tablet to Vancouver.

GEORGE VANCOUVER

By Miss F. M. GOLDSWORTHY

THE little village of Petersham, the burial place of George Vancouver, lies at the foot of Richmond Hill and quite close to the banks of the River Thames. Vancouver's grave is in the cemetery adjoining the picturesque old church and a more peaceful resting place could not be imagined. The church itself dates from before the Norman conquest, although the greater part of the present structure dates from the fifteenth century. Inside the church there is a monument to the memory of Captain Vancouver erected by H.B.C. in 1841. Following is a copy of the record in the Company's minutes:

> "*Resolved, that a tablet at a cost of not exceeding £25 be placed in Petersham Church to the memory of Captain George Vancouver.*"

George Vancouver, who was born in 1758, entered the British Navy at the early age of 13 and later accompanied Captain Cook on his second and third voyages of discovery. After serving several years in the West Indies, Vancouver was given the command of an expedition to the northwest coast of America, the objects of which were to take over from the Spaniards territory they had seized in that region; to explore the coast; to search for an eastern passage to the great lakes; and to ascertain the true character of Juan de Fuca straits.

The expedition consisted of two ships, the "Discovery," of which Vancouver was in command, and the "Chatham," under the command of Lieutenant Broughton. They sailed from Falmouth on the 1st April, 1791, to Australia, via the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to New Zealand, Tahiti and the Hawaiian Islands. It is of interest to mention here that Vancouver was the first properly to explore the coasts of New Zealand.

It was not until the 18th April, 1792, that Vancouver first sighted the west coast of North America. He carefully surveyed the coast and inlets of what is now known as British Columbia, and circumnavigated Vancouver Island, which was named after him. Vancouver was not, however, the actual discoverer of the island, it having been discovered in 1592 by Juan de Fuca.

Vancouver again visited this coast in 1793 and again in 1794, when he sailed as far north as Cook's Inlet, Alaska. After this voyage, Vancouver returned to England via Cape Horn and arrived in the Thames on the 20th October, 1795.

Immediately on his return he commenced a narrative of his voyages and although he worked on it until within a few weeks of his death, he was not able to complete it. He died at Petersham in 1798 at the early age of 40. His brother John, assisted by Captain Puget (who sailed with Vancouver on his expedition), completed the record, which was published in 1798.

COULD FIND NO CORPORATE SHAMELESSNESS

To Expose H.B.C. as Trust, Famous U.S. Magazine Writer Invaded Canada in 1908; Went Home Wiser Man.

NOTE—During the crusade against corporation monopoly in the United States, any organization with the earmarks of a "trust" was assiduously lacerated and dissected by the Press. "Trust-busting" was rife in 1908-9 across the border. Archie Bell, editorial correspondent in Winnipeg for the "New York World," told in a letter to his paper during 1908 why Cy Warman's quest for mud to sling at H.B.C. was unsuccessful. Mr. Bell's letter follows:

WINNIPEG, Man., Sept. 4, 1908—Americans laugh at the poor European who comes to New York and believes that he can skip over to Chicago before luncheon and take dinner in San Francisco, but occasionally the laugh turns, and in one case at least it is on a well-known American who seemed to entertain a similar idea of Canada.

Cy Warman is the man, and the few persons up here who know the story are making sport of the clever writer who has thrilled two continents with his tales of speed and locomotive daring. Mr. Warman has just come back to Winnipeg after a fruitless search for "rottenness." He may start out again and may accomplish some little details of his purpose, but his original plans have been greatly altered by the experience of Canadian travel.

It appears that an American magazine, famous for exposing the "shamelessness of cities" and the sworn foe of the Standard Oil Company and other corporations, commissioned Mr. Warman to come to the Northwest for the purpose of "exposing" the great Hudson's Bay Company. The fact that the Company has 150 stores, with headquarters in London and Winnipeg, and the further fact that its stock in trade is largely obtained from Indians, seems to have been enough to convince the enterprising New York publisher that there was "something rotten in Denmark."

So, armed with a satchel full of letters of introduction, Warman landed in Winnipeg on his record-breaking trip. He informed the representative of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal that he was about to make a trip to Peace river for the purpose of writing an article or series of them, on trading with the Indians. Commissioner Chipman heard his intentions and told him he would be glad to offer any possible assistance. He was sorry, however, to inform the writer that it was pretty late in the season to start for Peace river.

Warman had evidently thought of taking a run into the North as a sort of constitutional before breakfast, but when told that the trip takes from May to October, he partially abandoned his scheme and started out for Calgary, Prince Albert and Edmonton. The Company gave him all facilities for "probing" and a good "story" seemed certain. But Warman has just returned here a disappointed man.

Contrary to expectations, he found the people all friendly to the Company, and on every hand was told that Canada's prosperity may be attributed to no one influence so certainly as that of the Hudson's Bay people. They are the friends of the farmer, the urban, the Indian and the Eskimo. All consider them a sort of balancing influence to the industrial development of the empire.

He found that not only on the shores of Hudson bay, but on the Pacific coast, in the prairies of the Red river, among the snows of the Arctic slope, on the rocky shores of Labrador and in the mountain fastnesses of the Yukon, in the posts of Northern Lake Superior and in far-distant Athabasca, among the wild Crees, or greasy Eskimos, or treacherous Chinooks, it has floated the red cross standard with the well-known letters, "H.B.C.," an open sesame to the resources of a vast territory.

In the far North it is said that the H.B.C. means Here Before Christ, and doubtless to some of the Indian tribes, the relationship with the Company seems almost as long ago as does the A.D. period to the white man. Operations between the white and red men have been going on for over two centuries, and if proof is needed to illustrate the status of the Company, that should be sufficient in itself, for the Indian never forgets, and fooled or misused once, would pass the word to posterity, making trading relations impossible.

No traveler can pass through Canada without being impressed by the omnipresent H.B.C. The trains pass the larger trading posts and the presence of stores there does not strike one as remarkable except for their large number. But leave the train, go horseback or in canal for a thousand miles and you come upon similar stores.

He who goes a great distance and fancies himself about a thousand miles from "soap, civilization and whisky," suddenly finds the red banner flying from a mast-head and knows that he may there obtain all the comforts of life. If he chance upon one of these posts on Sunday, the white pennant will accompany the British flag, for from the earliest times it has been a custom to fly the white flag on the first day of the week on all H.B.C. buildings, that those people who have no calendars and no other means of reckoning time may know that a new week has dawned in the land of perpetual light or perpetual dark, as the case may be, according to season.

It is not my aim to attempt a history of the Company, or even a sketch of its career. A library has already been written upon the subject, although the commissioner tells me that all histories heretofore written have been highly unsatisfactory, and the Company now proposes to turn all its information in the London Office to some competent historian, who would thus learn the working characteristics, to be followed up by a year's residence in the Arctic circle, where Indian guides will be provided and a complete tour made of all the posts.

In this manner it is believed the writer may be able to tell the great story, and, when told, it will be the history of Canada. The history of all corporations will pale in comparison, for no other combination of men ever worked together in commerce with such extensive scope and with such definite achievements.

The Governor, Lord Strathcona, is one of the richest men in the world and I believe the greatest landowner on earth. Where is his property? In the Canadian Northwest. Born plain Mr. Smith, he elevated himself to the peerage for services rendered, as "Mount Royal" attests, coming from "Montreal." In the South African War he sent the Strathcona Horse to the battlefield at a personal expense of $1,000,000. This made his title permanent, and to-day he is one of the richest Englishmen.

There is nothing so close to him, however, as Canada. He does not forget that his Company once owned the Dominion by royal grant, and that it was ceded to the government after preserving it for the nation, but he makes no capital of this. What he wants is the development of the country, and that continues or perpetuates the evolution of the mammoth corporation.

The Canadians do not forget that the H.B.C. was once a national necessity. Before the transport systems were dreamed of, the Company was operating and administrating to the wants of the people, as it does to-day. The railroad builders who camped out along the routes of the wilderness found matches, tobacco, meat and clothing at these posts, when their own supplies were gone and they were stared in the face by starvation.

As towns grew up along the lines of travel the posts enlarged to meet the public demand. But they continue the same work of mutual benefit to-day. The store here in Winnipeg is as large or larger than Siegel-Cooper's in New York or Chicago, and vastly larger than anything in Cleveland. It is the supply station for the Arctic circle and one of the most unique establishments on earth.

—*Archie Bell.*

"It's Great to be Back West"

SO says J. G. M. Christie (H.B.M.), who arrived at Winnipeg May 28th, with Mrs. Christie, from Toronto, where they have lived since Mr. Christie's retirement from the H.B.C. fur trade service a year ago.

They are en route to Fort McPherson on a summer holiday trip which is being given Mr. Christie by the Company.

J. G. M. Christie, Esq.

SUCH IS LIFE INLAND

By GEO. SOUTER, in Keewatin Wilds

"'Twas over three months since we'd seen any papers,
We'd lost all account of the Bolshevik capers,
And likewise knew naught of the awful commotion
Stirred up by the miners just over the ocean.
But only this morning they've brought us a sackful
Of Winnipeg dailies—and we're surely thankful,
But what gets our goat are the red-lettered headings—
Divorces and famine, strikes, murders and weddings.
To our way of thinking the whole Bolshie nation,
If they want to survive the sword and starvation,
Should catch the next boat for the real simple life
And get off to Siberia—out of the strife.
Let them scrap with the wolf packs where freedom is wealth
And where labor means sound sleep and capital—health.
The coal miners can strike, for we don't want their coal,
There is fuel out here which no man can control,
And it matters but little if food stuffs are high,
If the pigs and the bullocks get sickly and die,
There are suckers and jackfish in lakes here galore,
And the rabbits play leap-frog at our kitchen door.
And what matters it here if the high rail rates last
(Yes! we once saw a pair in the far-away past),
Now some malamutes here carry all that we wish
With the aid of persuasion and two frozen fish.
We're well stocked in clothing for various weathers—
We can choose among rabbit-skins, moose-skins and feathers—
But we still have a suit from the year 1910
Which has rested 'mid moth-balls and camphor since then.
Many families are worrying—can't get a house
(It's the way of the world—a continual "grouse").
Here there's millions of acres of bush for a bed,
With the fresh air thrown in, and the stars overhead.
And what's all the noise about hockey and bowling,
There's sport enough here to keep any town rolling.
When we get a bit chill and coughing and sneezing,
We try to keep ears, chins and noses from freezing.
The "movies" appear to be drawing the people,
Some guy doing stunts on the top of a steeple,
But each day we have "movies" and music as well
When the cook plays a tune on the old dinner bell.
The U.S. elections were sure a "hair-raiser,"
But what do we want with a Sultan or Kaiser,
We're each of us kings of a hundred square miles,
Though we don't sport brass buttons, swell gaiters and "tiles,"
So what meaning to us have the world's ups and downs,
Only once in a lifetime we visit the towns.
And just lately we think that we'll settle right here
Since they say that we cannot have any more beer.

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Throughout the Service

PRO PELLE CUTEM

The Beaver

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"The First Annual"

AT THE CONCLAVE of H.B.C. stores managers in Winnipeg last month, the frankness, the open-mindedness, the spirit-of-the-common-interest which clothed every discussion were the most noticeable features of that fruitful council.

The convention "sawed wood" every minute during its several meetings of the week. Much effective work was accomplished.

Results justify the prediction that this unique conference has made itself an institution and that the records may refer to this year's gathering as "The First Annual."

Self-Starters

THE motor car that requires to be "twisted up in front" to get it started is becoming decidedly out of date. This is the age of *self-starters*.

Men who require to be "wound up" to-day are out of the running. Many have "arrived" before such as these come around the first turn of the course.

Nobody showed Marshall Field how to do business. No one was responsible for the success of Laurier or Shaughnessy but they themselves. No one "cranked up" Andrew Carnegie or Lloyd George. They were "self-starters."

The Board

THE character and traits of a company are but the lengthened shadows of such qualities in the men that compose it. If the H.B.C. of two centuries ago was the reflection of the daring, enterprise, integrity and brilliance of that group of men known as the "Adventurers of England," H.B.C. of to-day surely typifies the resourcefulness, stability and keen business powers of the modern Directors.

Nearly all of them are admitted leaders in their specific commercial fields. Every one, aside from his relationship with H.B.C., holds especial prominence in the business councils of the Empire.

Through many generations it has been the good fortune of the Company to enjoy the leadership of men of such high character. Usually the outstanding figures of British commerce have bent their skill to the direction of H.B.C. affairs.

They have had great traditions to uphold and it is remarkable to find that in spite of "time and tide" they have maintained the standards down to to-day.

Where Is "Tahiti"?

THOMAS EDISON is reported to require of his new employees creditable answers to a set of questions running something like this: "What is the capital of Timbuctoo?" "What is the longest river in the world?" "Where do most of the sponges come from?"

Newspapers are twitting Mr. Edison on the point that "even the majority of college graduates cannot solve his questionnaire."

Unless it be a shipping clerk, probably no employee would have any use for the extensive knowledge of geography that the questions suggest. A test of this kind is ridiculous if the intent is to hire people on the qualification of being storage houses for general information.

But if the examination is so arranged as to measure the prospective employees for ability to think quickly and logically, to take instructions and carry them out faithfully, to observe, to remember, and make sound judgments

—the plan is justified even if the questions themselves sound ridiculous.

Mr. Edison might wisely have adapted to his purpose some of the questions and tests used in the British and American armies for selecting "officer material" from enlisted men.

The True Situation

THINGS are not "coming harder." The times are just "less easy." Salesmen find that they can no longer *take orders*. They must *sell goods*. It is a buyer's market. Wartime economic inflation is no more, except in the matter of wages in some great vital industries.

Part of the "slack" was taken up with the universal sacrifice of staple merchandise and food stocks. Decks were cleared for new goods and new business at new prices.

But where are the "good old times"?

If there are any who look for a swing back to pre-war conditions, their expectation is in vain. We shall never see the "old times" again just as we shall never see Old Europe.

"Keep-a-Kickin'"

TWO FROGS one night hopped into a farmer's dairy. Both tumbled into a can of cream. After ineffectual attempts to scramble out one said, "Oh, what's the use" and ceased struggling. "Looks like I'm going West," said the other, "*but, I'll keep a-kickin'*."

Next morning the farmer came to cart his cream to market. In the can which he had neglected to cover were signs of tragedy. A frog lay floating "keel up"—dead. A pessimist.

The other sat blinking as he cruised about on a *great ball of butter*. He was an optimist.

Training

MARK TWAIN said, "Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; the cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college education."

Ty Cobb spent years training every "baseball muscle and faculty" before he become the world's greatest hitter, base stealer and fielder.

Man-o'-War, the horse of the age, could never have made new track records without training.

The Canadians would have been "soft" for the Huns and the history of Vimy and the Somme would have been written differently but for *training*.

Forget that misconception about men being *born* so-and-sos. Think ahead of to-day's job. Prepare and probably your chance will come. Whatever you are now, whatever you hope to become, *training is everything*.

Atmosphere

MOTION picture studios cluster on the southern California coast, for one reason because producers found there "more and better light."

We wonder if any of these producers or their cameramen ever realized that the atmosphere of Western Canada Prairies—considered photographically—would make the world's brightest films.

Some day, some motion picture magnate is going to glimpse, say, Winnipeg from a high window of the Fort Garry on a glorious spring day right after a rain has given the air an extra cleansing and see buildings, trees and people so marvelously focussed—so sharply etched in super-lucid perspective—that he will start a string of studios at "Red River."

G. A. H. Porte to Manage H.B.C. Victoria Store

By CHAS. SKELLY

PURSUANT to the Company's policy of promoting within the organization where possible, Mr. Gilbert A. H. Porte has been appointed to the position of manager of the new store on Douglas Street, Victoria, which is expected to open in August.

Mr. Porte has had a long and varied career with the Company, having joined the organization on April 12th, 1898, at Vancouver. Promotion was not long in coming, as in November of the same year he was given another position and since that time has made steady progress up the ladder of success, passing through the positions of credit manager and superintendent until reaching his present position as assistant manager of the finest department store on the Pacific Coast.

THE STORY OF SILK

By J. A. MIGEL

I.

WHO made the first sale of fine silks is not recorded; but it would be fair to allot the credit to the Chinese princess who carried the seed of the mulberry tree into India. Her method was a little less direct than ours, for she hid the precious article in the lining of her head-dress, in order to avoid detection and the subsequent penalty of death. To her enterprise we owe the transplanting of the silk industry westward, from the valley of the Ganges to Persia and Central Asia, until it finally reached Europe.

Color has always played a vital part in the production of the most artistic silks; in fact, color is the soul of which the texture is the body. The Chinese were master colorists and it was one of their chief delights to make silk that matched in color the eyes of their Empress. This should remind us that many of our most successful present-day selling methods have an honorable ancestry, for I have seen many a clever sale accomplished by the ability of the salesperson to find the precise color in silk to match the complexion and the eyes of the prospective customer.

The subject of silk manufacture is indeed a fascinating one and the inspiration for some of the most artistic effects comes not from books or theory, but from the interest shown by women themselves. It is a characteristic of healthy peoples to love robust colors, and Canadian women are notable for their joyous, vital color sense.

Silk defines the personality of the wearer, much the same as dress does. In fact, the history of silk patterns and silk colors is interwoven with the leading personages and events of the times in which they were produced.

Under the influence of the church, silks were richly decorated with lace and jewels and exquisite ornamental patterns were introduced. Towards the end of the ninth century animal designs became popular. The Italian silks of the Venetian republic reflected the grandeur of that epoch. In Spain design was sacrificed to symbolic patterns, often crude and clumsy. When the Arabic influence manifested itself in the matter of silk, it introduced a suppleness not known before. The Saracens were great colorists. They grouped patterns symmetrically, showing tints of glowing ruby, deep blue and gold, alternating with soft broken colors. The influence of the kings of France on the manufacture of silk is well known, and it is stated that Louis XI personally designed patterns for his own use.

So, on through the centuries, silk has caught something of the inspiration of the surroundings in which it was created.

When we realize the great traditions which the production of silk aspires to live up to, we will take more pride in the handling and the selling of silk. Silk is not a dead material; to those who understand it, it carries the living message that institutions may come and go but that beauty must always be served.

The appreciation of the poetry and the "silent music" of silk should not make us ignore the fascinating story of how it is manufactured, and in my next article I intend to give some notes, not technical altogether, and taken largely from personal experience, on the most important steps in the making of fine silks.

H.B.C. Employee From U.S. Found No Prejudice

THE NATURE of some impressions of the Company that prevail in the United States may be judged from the experience of the writer when leaving for Canada in 1919 to make application for service with H.B.C. at Winnipeg.

Leading business men south of the line said, "You'll find it something like being in an army or working for a government, and if you 'make good' with them, like as not your grandchildren will be in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company.

" It's fortunate you're Scotch-Irish and a blue-stocking Presbyterian or you wouldn't get along with H.B.C. They tolerate only things British and unless a man's denomination is Anglican or Presbyterian, he is not 'one of the anointed.' "

"Another thing—there's a considerable prejudice against Americans in that Company. For heaven's sake don't *ever* use the term 'American.' Say *United States*, or they'll tell you there are other Americans on this continent besides Yankees.

"Under no circumstances should you even appear to praise anything American. That would indeed be the last straw." And they went on, *ad infinitum*, telling me that one had to know H.B.C. men for at least a year before anything like friendly relations could be established; that everything must be done very formally, even coldly; that fossilism and unprogressiveness were rated as virtues.

You know only too well—those of you who have been with H.B.C. for many years—just how far the actual facts failed to dovetail with the American business men's picturization.

It must be confessed that I began my duties with the Company in the shadow of dark foreboding, but in a few months all doubts dissolved. I found not the slightest prejudice in the Company against particular religious denominations; Welshmen; Americans, the term "American" as applied to things of the States; cordiality; or modern methods. I found H.B.C. men were riding in Detroit autos, wearing Stetson hats, playing baseball, trucking goods in Federals and Packards, dictating to the dictaphone, washing with Ivory soap, shooting Winchesters. (Naturally, they were using also a great many British products.)

To "get acquainted" with H.B.C. men was less difficult even than with many Americans. Their attitude toward a beginner in the Company from the U.S. was notable for cordiality, and helpfulness. For the most part, I found them broadminded, tolerant and obliging, with a truly Western sense of hospitality and a will to progress that held, for me, some reminiscence of Kansas City and Chicago.

I have enjoyed nothing more than to have corrected, in some measure at least, the preconceived ideas of some of my former associates south of the border, informing them of the liberal make-up of some of my new friends and associates in the Great Company's service.

—An American of Recent Affiliation with H.B.C.

A Strong Body for a Long Race

MANY years ago Thomas Carlyle in one of his essays made this remark: "The race of life has become intense; the runners are treading upon each other's heels. Woe be to him who stops to tie his shoestrings."

To-day, in an era of enormous industrial activity and great competition, the race is even more intense than in the days when Carlyle set down this pithy bit of truth.

And the way to success is indeed a long race. A whole lifetime is all too short to attain the utmost success, and only too often before this success is won and the winner has had time to enjoy the fruits of victory the body fails from overwork or abuse.

Let us therefore consider an element which is decidedly needed by anyone who is starting out to make a real success—one that we will call "constitutional talent." By this we mean the warmth, vigor, and stamina imparted to a man's ideas by good physical condition.

That mind has a wonderful control over the body cannot be denied. Right thinking makes the nerves tingle, makes the blood hum, and builds up a barrier to disease. Hope and cheerfulness will carry a man safely through danger and over obstacles which seem almost insurmountable.

But no thinking is right which does not include proper recreation, proper sleep, proper eating, proper exercise, proper cleanliness, and plenty of fresh outdoor air for the body which is doing its daily work.

Nine-tenths of all heart cases are below the belt. A great many cases of nervous trouble are nothing but stomach trouble. Kidney and liver disorders are always due to overeating.

When this condition seizes you and the slave rises up and smites the oppressor, there is only one thing to do —change your habits and get "fit."

The better way by far is to stay "fit," for no man in any kind of business can be efficient unless he is in fit condition. No one can work right, either with the mind or the hand, unless every organ in his body is operating properly.

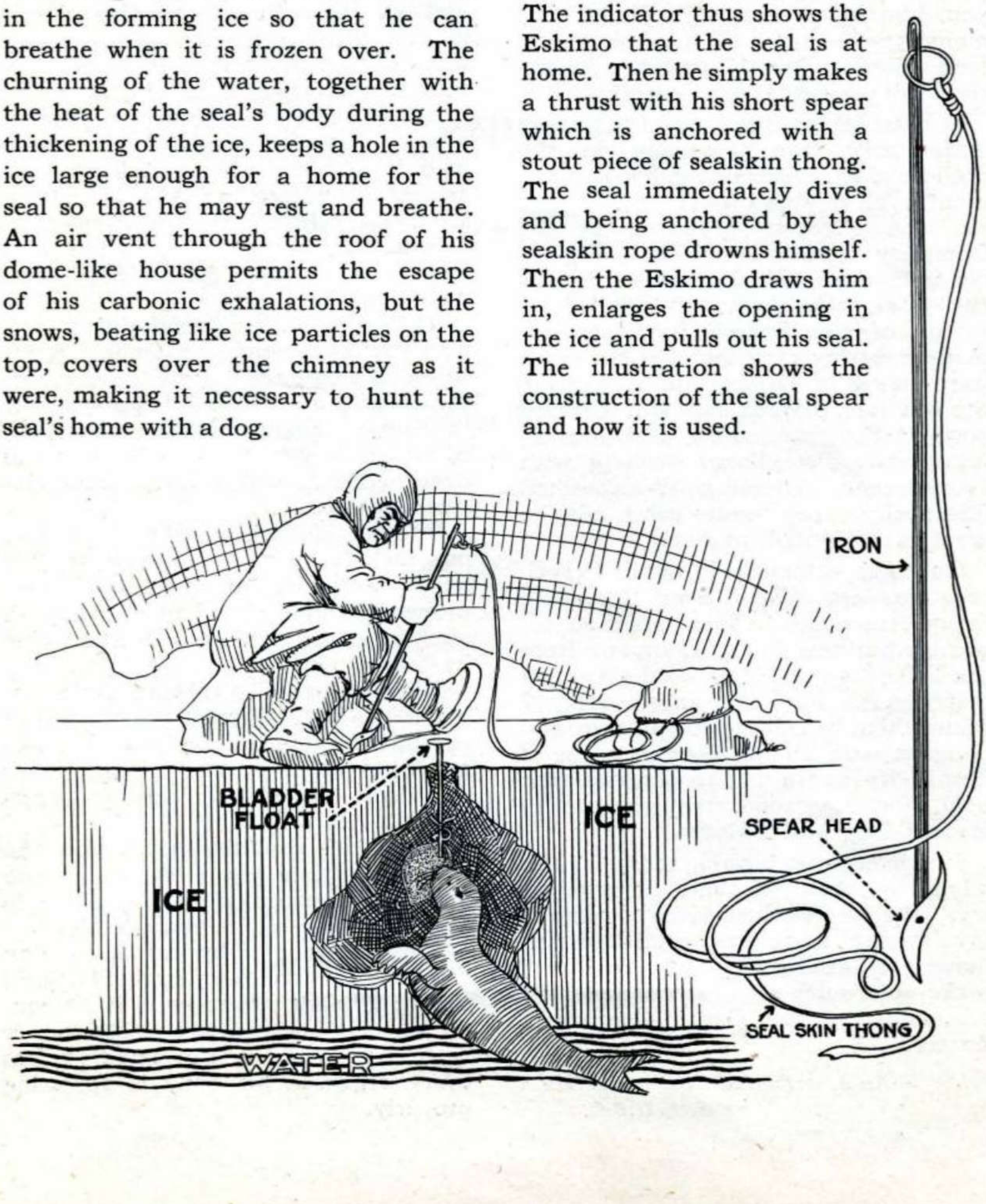
How the Eskimo Hunts the Seal in Winter Time

Locating the Ice-House of the Seal By Means of the "Seal Indicator" and Spearing the Quarry Through an Air Hole.

By W. E. ANDERSON

THE Eskimo leaves his snow house (igloo) with a husky dog. The dog smells out the seal and indicates to his master the location of the seal's breathing place. It happens when the ice is forming that a seal will nose a hole in the forming ice so that he can breathe when it is frozen over. The churning of the water, together with the heat of the seal's body during the thickening of the ice, keeps a hole in the ice large enough for a home for the seal so that he may rest and breathe. An air vent through the roof of his dome-like house permits the escape of his carbonic exhalations, but the snows, beating like ice particles on the top, covers over the chimney as it were, making it necessary to hunt the seal's home with a dog.

The Eskimo, having located the ice-house of the seal, enlarges the chimney hole in the ice about the size of his wrist and drops through this an apparatus or "seal indicator" which when the seal comes up will rise. The indicator thus shows the Eskimo that the seal is at home. Then he simply makes a thrust with his short spear which is anchored with a stout piece of sealskin thong. The seal immediately dives and being anchored by the sealskin rope drowns himself. Then the Eskimo draws him in, enlarges the opening in the ice and pulls out his seal. The illustration shows the construction of the seal spear and how it is used.



Achievements of the Stores Managers' Conference

Epochal Gathering of H.B.C. Department Store Heads at Winnipeg, May 9-13, Deliberates on Important Problems of Merchandising and Service

By FLETCHER SPARLING, General Manager Winnipeg Retail

WITHOUT PRECEDENT in the annals of H.B.C. storekeeping was the conference of fifteen stores managers and administrative officers held in Winnipeg, May 9th to 13th.

To discuss matters of vital interest to the stores department these senior officers of H.B.C. western establishments gathered at the Fort Garry hotel, where they met the Canadian Advisory Committee at noonday luncheon, May 9th.

The keynote was sounded by Sir Augustus Nanton, chairman of the C.A.C., in an inspiring address which marked the official opening of the managers' deliberations. Following the luncheon, the discussions were left entirely to the group of stores managers.

Mr. James S. Braidwood was chosen by the assembly to act as chairman and Mr. W. M. McLean was appointed secretary for the meetings.

The heavy programme confronting the conference kept them busy during four days of regular sessions—morning, afternoon and sometimes in the evening.

In addition to the agenda for the meetings submitted by the executive department, many points were brought up by the several managers for consideration. Among the more important questions discussed and passed upon by the conference during a busy week, were:

Standardization of Merchandise—Including the procuring of merchandise under the "Seal of Quality" and other Hudson's Bay Company's labels. A comprehensive list of goods was presented to which H. B. C. distinctive labelling may be applied.

Development of Industries—In cases where the Company's label could not be obtained on merchandise of the required standard, it was proposed to establish or control factories for producing H.B.C. lines, particularly in staple goods.

Standardized Purchasing—Consolidated and co-operative purchasing for all H.B.C. department stores was urged. In this connection a central distributing depot for merchandise was suggested. Extension of wholesale business and H.B.C. manufacturing were discussed, as well as the creation of an organized purchasing department for the whole Company.

Standardized Advertising—Including standardized nameplate, layout, typography and illustrations for all H.B.C. department stores' newspaper publicity.

Promotion Within the Service—The meeting expressed itself as being in accord with the principle that it is essential that every effort be made at all times to give promotion to our own people.

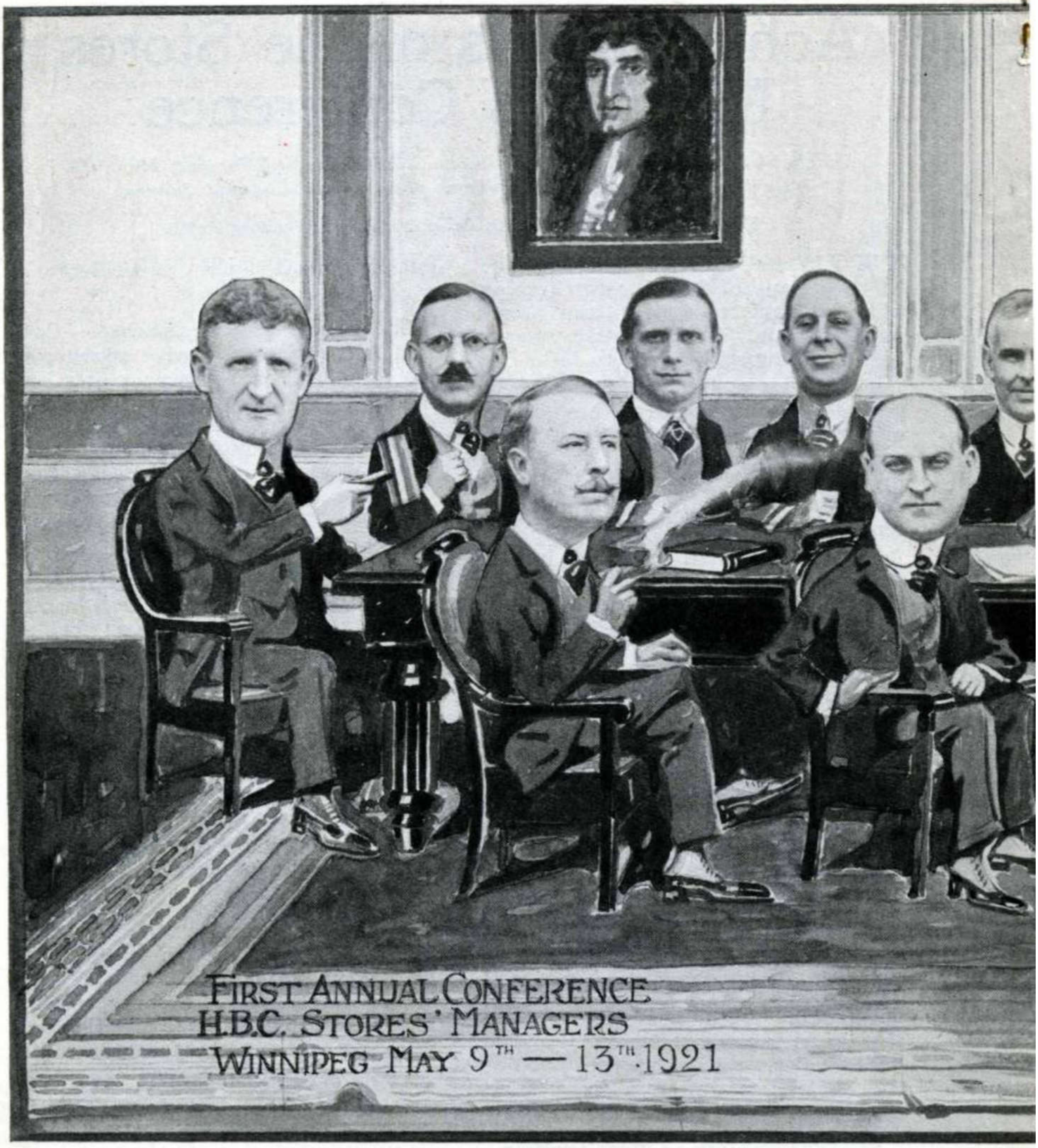
Welfare Work—Extension of welfare work was considered.

Selling—Including the improvement of H.B.C. service to the public, the promotion of educational work among the staff, and exchange by the stores of novel selling ideas. Standardization of nomenclature for merchandise in all stores was proposed and discussed.

Conclusions reached during the deliberations of the stores managers and their recommendations on the numerous important merchandising questions will go immediately before the directing officials of the Company for consideration.

The practical results of the first stores managers' conference—a broad effort toward constructive merchandising—seem to have amply justified the wisdom and foresight which prompted the move. The frank, friendly way in

(Continued on page 26)



FIRST ANNUAL CONFERENCE
H.B.C. STORES' MANAGERS
WINNIPEG MAY 9TH — 13TH 1921

Roll Call of H.B.C. Stores Managers'

Chairman of the Meetings:

JAMES S. BRAIDWOOD, Inspecting Officer, Stores Administrative Offices, Winnipeg, Man. (Head of Table, Left)

Back Row—Left to Right:

A. J. MORTON, Manager, Wholesale Tobacco Branch, Vancouver, B.C.

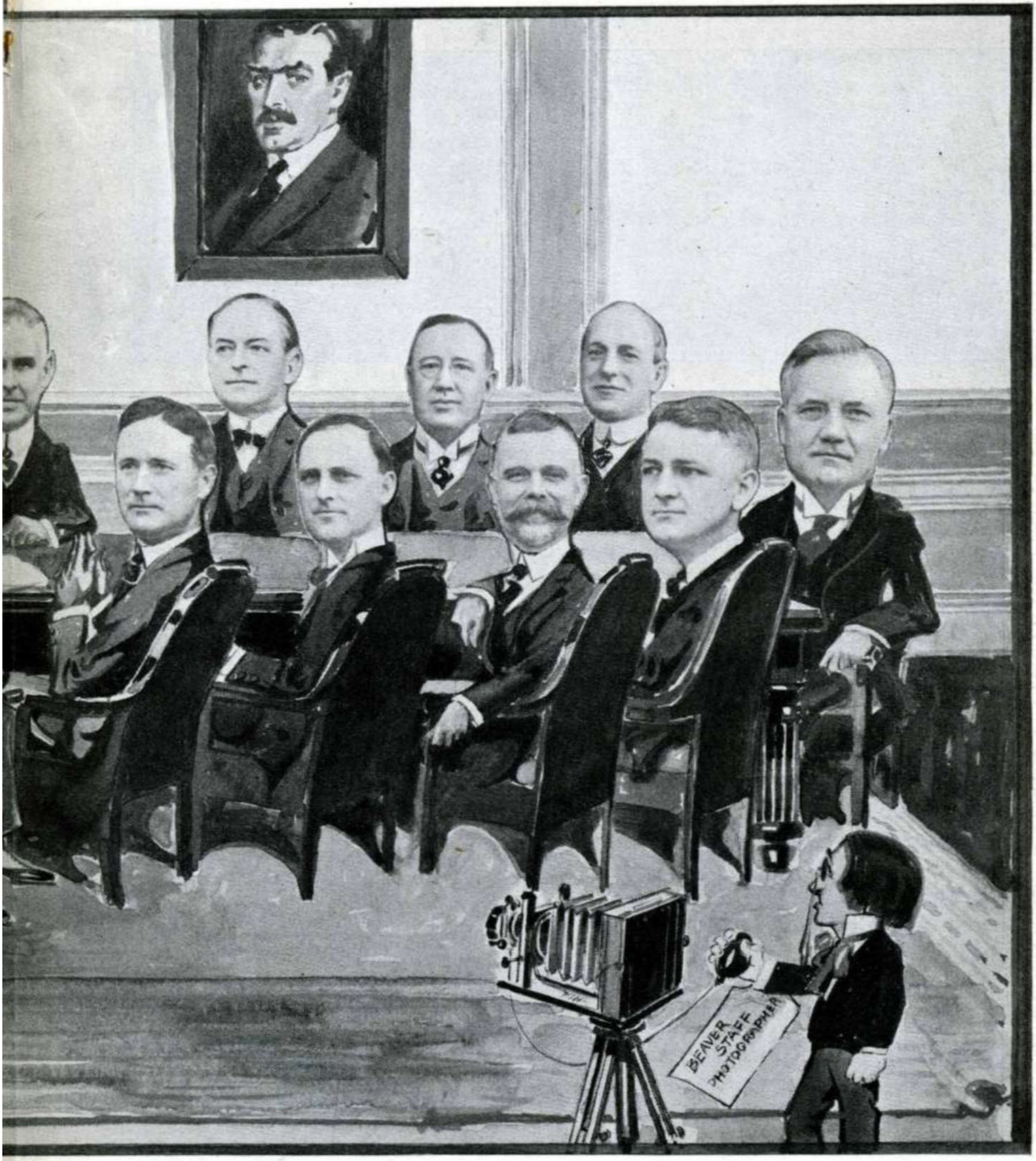
L. R. BARNETT, Manager, Retail Branch, Vernon, B.C.

H. N. LOUTH, Manager, Retail Branch, Yorkton, Saskatchewan.

G. A. H. PORTE, Manager, Retail Branch, Victoria, B.C.

C. H. FAIR, Manager, Retail Branch, Lethbridge, Alberta.

C. W. VEYSEY, General Manager, Wholesale Branch, Winnipeg, Manitoba.



Conference, Winnipeg, May 9-13, 1921

A. E. DODMAN, Manager, Retail Branch, Kamloops, B.C.

Front Row—Left to Right

H. T. LOCKYER, General Manager, Retail Branch, Vancouver, B.C.

F. F. HARKER, General Manager, Retail Branch, Edmonton, Alberta.

FLETCHER SPARLING, General Manager, Retail Branch, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

W. M. McLEAN, Administrative Offices, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

W. S. KING, Manager, Retail Branch, Nelson, British Columbia.

H. H. HOLLIER, Inspector of Merchandise, Administrative Offices, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

J. M. GIBSON, General Manager, Retail Branch, Calgary, Alberta.

After Luncheon at the Historic "Stone Fort"

THE PLEASANT GROUP here pictured were guests of Mr. James Thomson, former Fur Trade and Land Commissioner, at the memorable luncheon in Lower Fort Garry, Thursday, May 12th, 1921. In addition to the store managers present, the executive, fur trade, land and publicity departments were represented.

Standing—Messrs. A. J. Morton, C. H. Fair, Chris. Harding, W. S. Lecky, F. F. Harker, H. F. Harman, W. M. McLean, Fletcher Sparling, H. N. Louth, C. W. Veysey, W. S. King, C. M. Thomas.

Seated—Messrs. G. A. H. Porte, A. E. Dodman, James S. Braidwood, Edward FitzGerald, James Thomson, H. T. Lockyer, J. M. Gibson, H. H. Hollier, L. R. Barnett.

(Continued from page 23)

which Sir Augustus Nanton and Mr. Edward FitzGerald outlined the wishes of the London Board enabled the managers to get away to a good start, which was well maintained throughout.

As a participant in this epochal council in H.B.C. stores affairs, the notable accomplishments recorded seemed to me to be three:

First—The stores managers' conference *idea* and the opportunity it affords managers for co-operative solution of store problems common to all of them. The assurance that such meetings will recur at regular intervals promotes a unanimous feeling of appreciation.

Secondly—The foundation laid for building Hudson's Bay service to its customers—including salesmanship and publicity—of a standard that will equal that of the merchandise upon which the Company places its "Seal of Quality."

Thirdly—The plans made to protect the kinds of merchandise upon which the Company places its "Seal of Quality." A community's confidence and patronage are given to the store that steadily provides goods of the most dependable quality.

A feature of the conference which will long be remembered by the stores managers and others who attended was the luncheon and meeting at historic Lower Fort Garry. The conference was invited to this ancient seat of H.B.C. councils by Mr. James Thomson, former Fur Trade and Land Commissioner, on Thursday, May 12th. The journey of eighteen miles from Winnipeg was made in automobiles and upon arrival at the Fort the Company's house flag was espied proudly floating at the masthead as in the days when the Council of Assiniboia was wont to meet within the stone ramparts of the old fur stronghold.

A Winter Inspection Trip in Keewatin District, 1921

Journeying by Dog Team From Norway House to Little Grand Rapids, Berens River and Deer Lake is to Fur Man Like Walk Down Main Street to City Dweller

By JOHN BARTLEMAN, District Manager

Little Grand Rapids Post

IT will be fully appreciated by the men of the H.B.C. that it is difficult for one who has visited every fur post of the Company in Alberta and in Manitoba and also a few in British Columbia, Saskatchewan and in Ontario to sit down and write an article or a description of a trip of inspection.

To the fur man, one long trip with dogsleds is very much like another. It is not romance or adventure. It is work—the daily round of regular duty.

The majority of people would no doubt think otherwise; nevertheless let them ask themselves what they would say if writing an article on a walk down Main Street and along Portage Avenue in Winnipeg.

However, the men of the H.B.C. fur trade are quite often faced with some task or other which they would like to avoid, but our training from the time of "apprentice clerkship" has its effect, and *what is expected of us must be done*.

I now sit on the floor of my tent one day's journey from Little Grand Rapids Post, Manitoba. I am yet two days' journey from Deer Lake Post, Ontario. As I sit warming my feet and looking at the bannock thawing out before the fire I decide to write an article to *The Beaver* on a trip of inspection of that part of Keewatin district lying east of Lake Winnipeg.

Leaving Winnipeg by train on Monday, the 24th January, after a few hours' journey I arrive at the old Icelandic fishing settlement, now known as Riverton, situated about sixty miles from Winnipeg, on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg. By previous arrangement, two dog teams and a runner await me there.

For the information of those not conversant with travelling by dog team in the interior, I might explain that a dog team consists of five dogs and driver, together with a "runner" or foregoer. The "runner's" duty is to travel in front of the dogs picking out and breaking the trail. It is also his duty to clear away with an axe any trees which may have been blown across the road.

On Tuesday morning, men and dogs are ready to start. This is the first time I have seen the men in daylight and on looking at their faces it is evident that they had to contend with very severe weather during their eleven days' travel from Norway House. They explained that they had been held up by storm on the lake for four days and their frost-bitten cheeks and noses are sufficient testimony to the truth of this statement.

The dogs are leaping and barking, eager to start. After shaking hands with a few people known to us there, we start. The thermometer registers 33 below and a very slight north wind is blowing, just enough to create the feeling that knives are cutting into one's face.

The trail is bad. Snow has drifted deeply over it.

By mid-day we arrive at "Darsay's Camp" and there have a dinner of moosemeat.

Again we set out, now travelling on the lake itself. At night we camp at Ramsay's Point. Here is a shack kept by a halfbreed Indian and as luck will have it the shack is crowded with fishermen returning to Riverton after

the winter season on the lake. Twelve of us sleep on the floor of that shack for the night. The floor accommodation is about 12 by 14 feet.

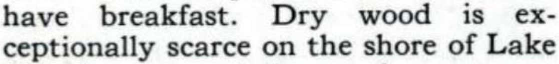
The total distance we have covered the first day is about 35 miles.

Before sunrise we start again. The weather is milder and the trail much better. The wind, however, has blown the snow to the extent that "glare" ice is met with and the dogs have difficulty in gaining a footing and making speed.

However, by night we have covered another 45 miles and arrived at what is commonly known as Jockie McLennan's Camp. Here we again spread our bedding on the floor.

In the morning we start out at 5:30. A steady, cold breeze from the north strikes us in the face and as we drive away we look back at the last stopping place, excepting H.B.C. posts situated many days apart, till we again return to this same spot in about five weeks.

With our ears well covered by fur caps and our moosehide mitts well drawn up, we continue far out on the ice of Lake Winnipeg till daylight, 8 a.m. Then we pull into the shore and have breakfast. Dry wood is exceptionally scarce on the shore of Lake Winnipeg, especially to the man accustomed to the interior. However, we manage to rustle sufficient dry wood to build the customary twelve-foot fire. Breakfast, like all other meals, consists of several slices of bacon and a chunk of bannock thawed out to the extent of the time at our disposal, which I may say is never sufficiently long to get at the centre of the bannock. After an hour's rest for men and dogs, we again set out, the dogs getting slower on account of the glare ice making a bad footing for them. However, we keep plugging along and by 5 o'clock, just as the dark is setting in, we could see Berens River Post in the distance.



H.B.C. Post Buildings at Berens River

There is always a little excitement at H.B.C. posts on the arrival of an inspector or district manager, for post managers are very sensitive and anxious in case any cause whatever should be given for adverse criticism of their post.

The manager, Mr. F. A. Disbrowe, is an old-timer and has had eighteen years' service at this post.

After spending three or four days at Berens River, arrangements are made for an early start in the morning. Now the real interior travelling commences. Fish for ten dogs for a three days' journey are laid out and also "grub" for the men.

On the trail the dogs are fed two fish each at night and a small piece of fish each twice throughout the day by way of a lunch. Punctually at 8 a.m. the dogs are harnessed, fish, grub and bedding are loaded on the sleighs and we shake hands with the staff at the post and again set off for the next post, Little Grand Rapids, which is situated on the border of Ontario.

The average distance made per day is about 35 miles.

Deep snow must be contended with and as the snowfall has been very recent, the "runner" is down to the knees, notwithstanding he wears snowshoes, as do all others in the party.

The day's travel usually extends from 5 a.m. till 4:30 or 5:30 p.m., according to the daylight. At night, spruce boughs are used for a flooring. The old-time cart cover is used as a lean-to for a wind-break and a fire about twelve feet long is set ablaze. For covering, a four-point Hudson's Bay blanket or Alaska sleeping robe is used, one-half of which is folded beneath the tired traveller and the other half over him.

Long before daybreak the "runner" again builds up the fire and soon the entire party is astir. A cup of tea and a chunk of bannock is had and everything is again got ready for the trail. After travelling a few hours, and whenever daylight sets in, a stop for breakfast is made.

The journey is continued for another four hours and again we "boil the kettle." At this point a band of Indians meet us on their way home after visiting their traps and of course they join us in our meal. They tell us they have killed a moose on the trail and that we may "help ourselves" as we pass along. The next day we come upon the cache of moose meat which the Indians had carefully put up on a tree out of reach of the wolves and we cut off about fifteen pounds, which was about as much as we cared to take, as weight is a very serious item when travelling with dogs. After travelling three long days, we arrive at Little Grand Rapids post.

The old Hudson's Bay man, it seems, can invariably sense when an inspector or district manager is coming along. He appears to have what I might call a "hunch" and that at the proper time. For example, when my men came out to meet me I asked them how certain men at a certain post were faring and one Indian replied that they were all fine and that they were busy cleaning up the store in case I should arrive!

John Moar, the manager at Little Grand Rapids post, was born and brought up there, his father having been in charge for many years previous to his son's managership.

After spending a few days at this post we again proceed on the trail, heavily laden with fish for dogs and supplies for men, and after four days' hard going through deep snow over which no one had travelled for weeks, we arrive at Deer Lake.

Deer Lake Post, Ont., Interior of Keewatin Dist.

At this post the Crane Indians are met and their requirements throughout the year are attended to by Manager A. Mackintosh and his staff.

A day or two is spent at this post and preparations are made for the long journey back over the same wearisome trail. The dogs, which by this time have covered fully 650 miles, are showing signs of fatigue, but have still another 650 miles to cover before they get back home to Norway House. The men also grouch a little when they think of the further distance they have to run.

The men run practically all the way, for in the event of their riding, the dogs would be unable to pull both them and the load. However, we again start out, leaving word that we will be back next summer.

Our trip back to Little Grand Rapids is much more uncomfortable and more difficult than the inward trip on account of further heavy snowfall which makes it impossible to follow the trails on the rivers and lakes. The trails in the bush in this part of the country are by no means well-defined and, notwithstanding that I am travelling with the finest guide in the vicinity, we get lost in the bush and it is several hours before we regain the trail.

Immediately on leaving Little Grand Rapids post, and while four days from Beren's River post, a blizzard sets in which makes the going almost impossible. However, we keep on and arrive at Beren's River after spending four of the coldest days and nights experienced during the winter. The men's faces are again badly frozen and the dogs are practically "played out," in fact, two of them are dead.

At Berens River, men and dogs again rest for a day and we then set out on the last leg of the journey, 125 miles on Lake Winnipeg to Riverton. This latter part of the trip consisted simply in hard plugging and long days, but otherwise without incident.

YORKTON, SASK. STORE NEWS

Mr. S. A. Smith has taken up his new duties as accountant. Success to him.

It is with great regret that we report the death of one of our office staff, Miss E. B. Michael, who passed away suddenly on the morning of May 9th.

Our general manager, Mr. H. N. Louth, attended the meetings of H.B.C. stores managers at Winnipeg in May.

Farmers are busy on the land, so business has slowed up somewhat. However, as seeding is being done under favourable conditions, we should be favoured with a good average crop, and business should show an improvement after seeding is finished.

HOW'S THIS?

The mule it has two legs behind,
And two we find before;
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for.

From Parcel Boy to Manager

By ROBERT WATSON, *Associate Editor*

Henry Pout, Esq.

IN Mr. Henry Pout, late manager of the Vernon store and now merchandise manager of the Victoria store, we have still another example of what pluck, perseverance and ambition can accomplish.

Henry Pout was born at Whitstable, Kent, England, in August, 1879. He is a son of the late Henry Pout, Trinity House Pilot, London.

His family moved to Deal when he was quite a little fellow, and, after passing through the highest standard in the school at that period, he started work at the early age of thirteen in the drygoods business of J. S. Huntly, High Street, Deal.

His first position was that of parcel boy and apprentice and he worked for the first two years for the magnificent sum of nothing a week. His boyish pranks at this time on his fellow workers brought him more kicks than ha'pennies

In 1900, when working in the same line of business in London, England, he was offered a position in Canada with Messrs. Manchester, Robertson & Allison, of St. John, N.B. which he accepted, at the sum of £110 per annum, and eventually rose to the position of buyer. Looking for greater prospects, he came west, and in June, 1911, he joined the Company's service in the Winnipeg retail store.

After two years as buyer in the staples department, he was sent to Portage la Prairie to reorganize the business there. This store was eventually burned out. Following his service at Portage, he was attached to the European sample room as assistant to Mr. Milne and, in June, 1913, he made a trip to all the Company's stores. A month later he received the appointment as assistant manager at the Company's buying office at Montreal, under Mr. Fowles. He remained in this position until October of 1916, when he was again promoted, this time to the managership of the Vernon store.

Under Mr. Pout's regime in Vernon, the business has more than doubled in volume and the store has taken on an air of prosperity and smartness which it lacked previous to his coming. Efficiency, service, courtesy and loyalty, he has always given ungrudgingly and he has at all times insisted on the same from every member of the staff. This has been given willingly by them because of his untiring example.

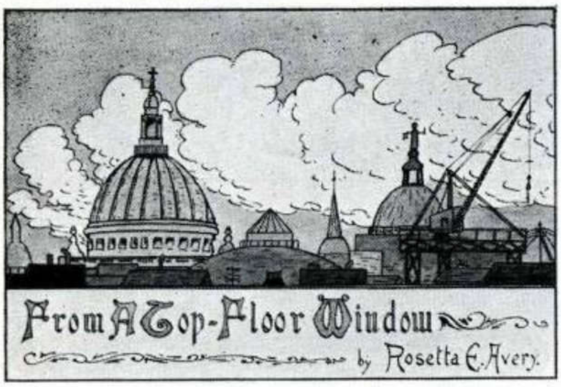
Mr. Pout's appointment as merchandise manager to the new Victoria store, while a surprise to some, was not a surprise to those who were working in close connection with him, for it has always been evident that he was aiming at what he was always capable of—greater service in the Company's business.

A man of great energy and unflagging diligence where the interest of the Company is concerned, his life's ambition has ever been to reach the highest rung in the ladder of retail store business. He is climbing steadily and it is no prophesy to state that he will not stop climbing so long as there is another rung in the ladder to climb to. His motto is apparent, although he never lets it out in so many words:

The best service; the submerging of self in the general interest, and a "fellow feeling for a fellow creature."

In Vernon he has held the offices of vice-president of the Board of Trade and chairman of the finance committee. This year he was chosen as chairman of the hospital drive and his splendid executive ability was the means of realizing a record sum for this purpose —$6,000. He is president of the Vernon Retail Merchants' Association, and only last month was again asked to organize a drive for the Salvation Army and he immediately undertook the work. He is a member of the Vernon City Club, the Vernon Country Club, the Golf Club and the Curling Club.

Probably at no stage of his career was Mr. Pout's organizing ability so noticeable as during the arrangements for the 250th Anniversary Celebrations in Vernon, when he succeeded in interesting the Board of Trade, the Retail Merchants, the churches, the Women's Institute and every other organization in the city, in the Company's celebrations, with the result that the people of Vernon had the greatest field day and one of the most successful dances ever held in the city.



Oh, of chimneys what an assortment,
Some of them twisted in quaint contortment,
One with a cowl, the next quite straight,
Bushes they are in meadows of slate.

Here and there, at varied range,
We see the trees of this landscape strange,
Their long, bare arms to the skies outflung,
By them is the hymn of progress sung.

Build, destroy, and build again,
Ever helped by the faithful crane."
They mark the spots where, in the throes
Of city life, new London grows.

"And who inhabits this sombre scene?
Is it drear as the 'Land of Might-have-been'?
No! There are people in fine array,
Sharp silhouettes 'gainst a ground of grey.

Storm-scarred statues of ancient rank,
Sentinels guarding their famous bank.
Symbols of Britain's mighty power
That grows and spreads from hour to hour.

Gentle Ceres, with fruits and corn,
Lightens our hearts on a 'pea-soup' morn.
She seems to tell us that further out
Are fair, green fields with no fog about.

Hoary old Neptune to some may speak
Of mighty ocean and foreign creek,
But to us his message is pleasure true
When summer days our health renew.

Art and Science with her lamp alight,
Building and Shipping. All studied aright
Lead to the state of man on earth
When Brains to Invention give new birth.

Further away, as we gaze to the left,
Is tall, grim Justice, of sight bereft.
Holding her sword and steady scales
She calls, "At my word, Evil quails!"

'Free from bias each case I try,
At my command men live—or die!
I hear bare facts—I am content,
I trifle not with sentiment."

The storm clouds race, the winds blow strong,
Fierce rain and hail then dash along.
The thunder rolls, our windows rattle,
The heavens themselves engage in battle.

Bright sunset comes, and its varied hue
Paints the scene with a glamour new,
And in the midst, a monarch of all,
Is the great Cathedral of good Saint Paul.

Some folk think life is "awfully dull,"
But Happiness all who find it may cull.
We top-floorers laugh when we see blue sky
And far-distant Hampstead in sunny July.

Fancy flies fast on gossamer wings,
Her touch transforms all earthly things.
Our daily tasks the beads she's strung
On silk of dreams that keep us young.

White Trapper, Not Indian Kills Fur to Excess

By JOHN GREGG
Hudson's Hope Post, B.C.

MR. ARMSTRONG'S remarks in the March *Beaver* on the *Conservation of Fur Bearing Animals* are to be digested and no doubt are practicable in his district, but my experience leads to the conclusion that it is not the Indian who exterminates the fur, but the white trapper attracted by the high prices prevailing during the last few years. The regular settler in a country does not kill fur to excess.

Although the suggestion is scarcely feasible, and hardly enters the field of "practical politics" it would be well for the Government to prohibit white trapping for at least five years and so give fur a chance to recuperate.

English as She Is Wrote

AN order written by an Indian and received by an H.B.C. post store read as follows:

As Written

1 pease 5 poin lard
20 poins bread frish bakin
1 pease tomatoes
1 pease strind bens
6 can 2 pain butter
6 bottle cut soap
6 buttle was suce
2 sack sold
1 package han soap
15 lbs. crown bens
6 can strow berris las berris mixt
1 package pony mach
1 buttle lemon cake

As Filled

1 pail lard (5s)
20 lbs. breakfast bacon
1 can tomatoes
1 can string beans
6 cans butter (2s)
6 bottles catsup
6 bottles Worcester sauce
2 sks. salt
1 box toilet soap
15 lbs. Bayo beans
3 cans strawberries
3 cans raspberries
1 pkt. pony matches
1 bottle lemon extract.

A la Daddy

"Does the baby take after your husband, Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes, indeed! We have taken his bottle away from him and the other day the little darling tried to creep down the cellar steps."

A GALAXY of Baffin's Land types—Eskimos of the big arctic island where H.B.C. is the principal link between the natives and the great outside world of civilization. The young girl wears a bandeau of polar bear's teeth to hold in place her coal-black tresses. Portraits shown are those of:

(1) Amaroalik
(2) Amilikok
(3) Moakak
(4) Allakarallok
(5) Naokawak
(6) Trokak

The poses were made and photos taken by Mr. Ralph Parsons, District Manager for Labrador

FAMOUS H.B.C. CAPTAINS AND SHIPS

(Continued from the April issue)

By H. M. S. COTTER, Cumberland House

FOR two hundred and twenty-two years sailing ships bore cargoes to the Bay, but in 1892 the first steam-propelled vessel took in the York Factory supplies. This was the "Erik," formerly a noted whaler in the Greenland seas. The "Erik" and her sister ships, the "Hope" and the "Windward," were owned by the Greys, of Peterhead, Scotland, a name that was a household word in the whaling industry for three generations.

Captain Alex. Grey, one of the three brothers, was in command of the "Erik" on this first voyage for H.B.C.

The "Erik" was a fine ship, and, like all vessels in the Polar seas, massive in her construction. Though steam-propelled, she carried sails, and was square rigged.

The sailing ships continued operating to James Bay until 1906, when the "Discovery," Captain Scott's ship of Antarctic fame, came into the possession of the Company and sailed for Charlton Island, James Bay, under Captain Grey.

From 1751, when the "Sea Horse" (Captain John Fowler) cast anchor on the Moose Roads, up to 1905, when the "Stork," commanded by Captain Norman Freakley, arrived at Charlton Island, Moose Factory had its annual sailing ship.

Such a record must be unique in the annals of shipping and surely bears testimony to the character and quality of the officers and crew. They were no "fair weather sailors."

It is worthy of note, too, that during the long and protracted wars of the latter part of the 18th and early 19th centuries when privateering was considered the sport of the day, the H.B.C. ships arrived with unfailing regularity at the Bay ports. No doubt this was in great measure due to the activity and vigilance of Nelson's frigates.

When the battle of Trafalgar was fought on October 21st, 1805, the "Prince of Wales" (Captain Hanwell) was nearing England, or perhaps had just arrived for she had sailed from Moose on September 14th of that year.

In 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo, two H.B.C. ships, the "Eddystone" (Captain John Turnor), and the "Hadlow" (Captain John Davidson) were sent out to Moose Factory. Both ships wintered at Stratton Island in James Bay, arriving October 20th, presumably having run back from the Straits on account of ice.

In 1901, the H.B. "Pelican" came on the scene, replacing the "Erik" on the Labrador, York Factory and Churchill route.

The Company's establishments on the Labrador coast date back to the early years of the last century. In 1860, when the Governor, Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona), was supervising that part of the country, a steam auxiliary was constructed in England for work on the coast as well as in Ungava. This ship was in commission for about thirty years when she was sold. But four years ago she was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland.

She was noted chiefly for her strength of construction, being close-timbered and with double planking of teak and greenheart. In her bows there was eight feet of solid oak. As an ice puncher she was of the finest. "Sandy" Grey, her master, "whacked" against every obstacle that came in the way—barring 'bergs. I mention this ship more particularly on account of its associations with Lord Strathcona. He made many trips to England from the Labrador coast on her. Even this ship must have been too slow for his active mind and temperament, for he was only happy when every stitch of canvas was crowded on. She carried studding-sails and when Lord Strathcona was a passenger—as the stories go—there was air lost no matter how gentle a zephyr might have been blowing.

Captain Alex. Grey was held in high esteem by those in authority. He was a Britisher to the backbone, and none knew better the ways of the sea. He had sailed the "briny deep" for over fifty years. He could command men and always maintained discipline. He stood over six feet, a broad shouldered, powerful figure and a fine-looking man. He was active and nimble on his feet and even at the age of seventy it was no trick for him to sway up aloft to the "crow's nest," a hundred and fifty feet above the decks, and con the ship through the ice. I have never met a man with a more remarkable eyesight. Nothing escaped his keen vision. His sense of locality and memory of landmarks was extraordinary.

Captain Grey in his younger days, sailing to Spitzbergen, carried as a passenger Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and if I am not mistaken it was on this voyage that the material for that author's interesting novel, "The Pole Star," was obtained.

Captain Grey was by no means a reckless skipper; on the contrary he was noted for being cautious. At the same time he was chock-full of grit and daring, and I have seen and known him to take his ship into some ticklish and dangerous places on dark nights and in dirty, thick weather.

On one occasion he came into Rigolet Harbor, Labrador, in a fog that seemed "thicker than pea soup." The Post staff were certainly not looking for "Sandy" Grey that day, and the manager, James Fraser, a veteran on the coast, told me afterwards he could not believe his ears when the "Pelican," with both anchors down, was heard blowing "blasts of glory" on her arrival from England.

The "Old Man" had brought her in with the lead and how he got past the headlands and reefs was never known.

In York Roads the ships are compelled to lie off about twelve miles from the Fort. I was aboard some years ago and saw Captain Grey take his ship to her anchorage on a very dark night. Not a light or beacon was to be seen. Of course they took bearings in daylight, but even then, judging distance on time run in this open roadstead is no easy matter. They dropped the anchors, "by jiminy," as the bos'n remarked, "in the identical holes we made last year."

The Labrador coast had no lights, buoys, beacons or sirens. Aside from charts, there were no aids to the mariner. A bleak, forbidding coast it is, with mighty, precipitous headlands and deep bays and the eternal snow covering the high hills. The coast line is fringed with rocky, bold islands, islets and reefs. Many of the harbours are dangerous and difficult to enter even in daylight.

Breakers and sunken ledges abound, and during the equinoxes fierce gales of wind rage on that wild and desolate shore. Whirlwinds, whirlpools, cross-tides, undertows, rainfogs, sleet, slush, field-ice, 'bergs, "growlers" and general damnation prevails, at times accompanied by wicked cold and vicious "northeasters" that roll boulders off the mountain sides; and rotten, crooked "southeasters" that kick up the most diabolical sea that ever man floated on. And I have seen it in winter with the full sweep of the North Atlantic breaking on that coast with a violence that was awe-inspiring; churning and flinging tons of sea ice hundreds of yards beyond the high-water mark.

This has been going on from time immemorial, wearing the hard black granite rocks to a polished surface. It appears to me now that every possible obstruction was here put in the way of the seafarer; yet in all its history the Company has not lost a ship on this coast.

(*To be continued*)

We Have With Us—Today

By ELMER PUGSLEY

We live in deeds, not years; in
thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest,
acts the best.
—P. J. Bailey

DO you remember her?—Grandmother!

The dearest, sweetest, seamiest-faced old lady, that pure gold, copiously-petticoated, flowing-skirted embodiment of unselfishness, with a benediction in her smile, who thought silk stockings were only for theatrical use and wouldn't have known the difference between Jap-a-lac and Tan-lac.

As soon as spring showed symptoms of bursting forth she drew upon mysterious reserves of burdock and wormwood and yarrow—not to forget sulphur and molasses—and religiously administered them to us, our strident protests to the contrary notwithstanding.

Grandma's magic herb potions and bitters were doubtless good for our physical bloodstream.

Granted that that is so, perhaps a few spoonfuls of the mixture that follows may have a tonic effect upon our business selves which frequently experience an attack of spring fever just about now on the calendar.

Open your mouth and put out your tongue. Sure enough!—spotted like a leopard! So let's take our medicine without making wry grimaces.

We have with us TO-DAY! That is to say, there is no Yesterday nor any Tomorrow. What seems so are tricks of imagination—the stuff that ghosts are made of.

The individual who clamors that he can see no profitable opportunity in what confronts him to-day is desperately nearsighted and should save his breath to cool his porridge.

He is the fellow who gambles in futures. It will not do you any good to associate with him.

He lives in the days that are to be—in the barren contentment of the elusive To-morrow which is always a day's march ahead, even unto Eternity.

Shun this dreamer—his ailment is contagious.

He will impair your morale.

Leave him to his *negative* philosophy and cultivate a *positive* atmosphere!

It will prove to your ambition what sunshine is to plants.

A pitiable snare and delusion lies in your failure to embrace the Realities of TO-DAY!

The "Sweet By and By" of which you so rosily dreamed ten years ago is the present. You're right, that's a startling thought. And now that it's here, what do you think of it?

This fictitious "Sweet By and By" of yours is—just TO-DAY! Yet you look back those ten years and sigh: "Ah! those were the palmy days!"

All effort, all progress, all achievement, must be dated TO-DAY—and the rest will take care of itself.

So! Spring lassitude won't get you in the business sense if your mental premises are pre-occupied by the material out of which success can be forged TO-DAY.

If there is anything in the foregoing that appeals it rests with you as to how it shall be applied in your own life.

MONTREAL

H.B.C. Eastern Buying Agency News

AIRPLANE VIEW of the New Birks Building, Montreal, where H.B.C. Eastern Buying Agency Offices were installed May 1st.

Mrs. Thorburn made her initial trip to this market in the interest of the Calgary store and we may say that she is the first buyer to visit us in our new offices in the new Birks building.

We expect to receive visits from the following buyers in the near future: Miss Rosina Smith, of Vancouver Retail; Mr. W. W. Fraser, of Vancouver; Mr. C. O. M. Bell, of Calgary Retail.

WINNIPEG

Retail Store News

Records Tumble in 251st Anniversary Sale

By W. R. OGSTON

AN inspiring example of what a combination of co-operation, enthusiasm, friendly competition and preparation can do in an organization is evidenced in the wonderful results obtained by H.B.C. Winnipeg Store in its 251st Anniversary Celebration sales.

For several months preparations had been made, and as the Anniversary date drew near a committee consisting of two representatives from each floor was organized for the purpose of stimulating interest in the coming event.

Making use of a friendly competitive spirit, they organized competitions between the different floors and departments—"non-selling" as well as "selling" departments—with suitable handicaps and awards. The competitions were judged by increased Anniversary sales and service to the public—service to our customers as measured by courtesy, speed and accuracy. The winning floor and department was credited with the championship of the store.

The following competitions were planned:

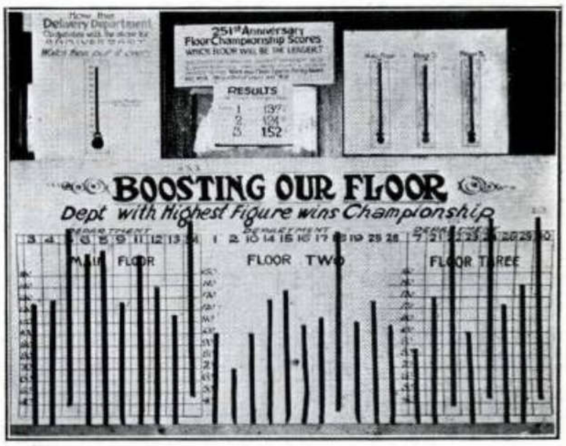
(1) Competition for Floor Championship.

(2) Competition for Selling Department Championship.

(3) Competitions and Awards for Expense Departments assisting.

- (*a*) Delivery Division
- (*b*) Grocery Packing Room
- (*c*) General Office
- (*d*) Adjustment Bureau
- (*e*) Inspectors and Cashiers
- (*f*) Display and Windows.

The competitions were based on last year's Anniversary sales and efficiency records and created much enthusiasm. Records as shown above were posted at the time office each evening showing the standing of each floor and department and the progress of each. A very close contest all through the week of rivalry finally showed the third as the champion floor, and the tailoring (Mr. Beggs' department) as the winning department, with music (Mr. Atkin's department) and china (Miss Smith's department) a close second and third; all of them gaining their quota by a wide margin.



Some of these thermometers went "crazy with the heat"

Our delivery division worked heroically, although nearly submerged at times, and finished the week with *an increase of 61 per cent. in number of parcels delivered.*

Such things as employees' shopping and lunch hours were almost forgotten for the week, and many other sacrifices and special efforts were made in a quiet way to contribute to "boosting" a department's showing a little nearer the championship class.

The results announced by our general manager on the main floor on the Monday following Anniversary included mention of the fact that Monday was "the biggest day" in the store's record, and that our old store had done *the largest week's business in its history.*

CAREFUL READERS MAY EARN $ $ $

AS AN ADDED incentive to "The Beaver" to keep its standards high, this magazine will pay one dollar (beginning June issue) for every error in spelling (except names), grammar, syntax, or for other obvious mistakes within the control of the editors—to the reader discovering, first reporting and furnishing evidence of same. — The Editor.

Nice Day, Isn't It?

YES! Of course it is a trifle—er—well—milder than at this date in December—but you remember you voted in favor of this weather a while back!

Ho hum! Come on down here till we tell you what we have been doing lately at Winnipeg Retail.

Of course you heard that Mr. Whalley sits down now when he goes out for a walk. Yes, it is an "Overland." Traffic squad, look well to your speedometers!

It's enough to worry ordinary amateurs the way *George Bowdler* has started out to clean up in tennis this year. Miss Burnside claims he wields a wicked racquet!

Must be some fire where there's so much smoke! Daniel Cupid just mentioned, in passing, among those soon to change their status in the income tax returns, the names of *Mr. Golman, Miss Nellie Fraser, Miss N. Monty, and Miss Freda Goodman*. Perhaps Miss Goodman will be enjoying a little trip up to Norway House in June—who knows?

The trial of one *Samuel Drennan,* who is to be indicted on mayhem, mutilation and defamation charges, will take place as soon as the great bulk of evidence and witnesses can be assembled. The jury will probably recommend clemency, taking into account the youth of the defendant. Officers *Cunningham and Higgins* have the prisoner under surveillance.

Miss Hilda Bowling—allow us to introduce *Mr. Fred McQuade*—one of our promising young men.

Miss Dahl couldn't help thinking after being "made up" so often for the fashion promenade that that week should have been called "paint-up" week.

"Au-Reservoir" to the fishing contest! Mr. "Rain-in-the-face" of Winnipeg Wholesale, received the prize the other day and the palm was yielded to him. Now, then, altogether—"Freezeajollygoofello!"

The "speech classes" continue unabated—or shall we say unchecked. You should have heard the argument the other night between two familiar worthies in Mr. Ogston's group "haranguing" the gathering about Thomas Edison's recently-much-discussed educational questionnaire.

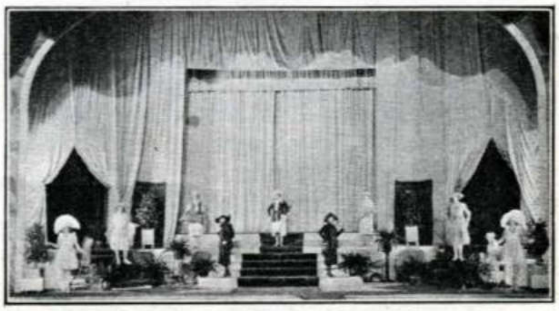
Fashion Show Seen by Twenty Thousand

EIGHT models and two "pages" who staged the H.B.C. portion of the unique fashion show at the Capitol theatre week of May 9-14, carried out their parts with the highest credit to themselves and to the store.

The beauty, quality and service of individual Hudson's Bay Company's apparel was the theme, and the enthusiasm of the audience revealed that the desired impression had been well created.

To the fanfare of trumpets and the appropriate orchestration of "Apple Blossom Time" a memorable scene was staged. The runway stretching out into the audience afforded close scrutiny of the modes. Everything paraded by H.B.C. was practical yet exclusive in its character.

Twenty thousand people witnessed this feature, in the finest theatre west of the Great Lakes.



The Models on Capitol Theatre Stage

Under New Management?

By R. J. HUGHES

CHARMING Della Bens, it is whispered, has accepted a mandate for Elmer Pugsley. If this be true, it means that one more of our esteemed associate editors—yea, even the conductor of this column—threatens capitulation of the citadel of single blessedness.

Four department managers from the store, assailed by this engaging rumor, recently descended *en bloc* to the remote lair of the Adman—harshly interrupting Mr. Pugsley's dictated raptures on bathing suits—while they pressed upon the swain congratulations of the entire staff.

"Refreshing to find, withal," it was remarked, "an advertising man practising his own preachment—*choosing Hudson's Bay Quality*."

Under new management, but the date has not been announced.

Loyalty

WHETHER your job is high or whether it's low, or calls for brains or just shovelling snow, the higher it is the better it will be, and the lower it is the higher 'twill be if you just mix in plain loyalty, and not be a grouch, a knocker or meddler, a shirker, or a low down peddler of things that you hear and you know are not so. Just be a *friend* of the folks you know. It's just as good in dinner pails as in the dining hall and smiles as loud with ginger ale as with a Scotch highball. It makes good games of tennis, golf and the one they call baseball. Loyalty's just plain friendship, folks—the old fashioned kind — that's all.
—*W. E. Townsend.*

LAND DEPT. NEWS

Bill Imports Wife

MR. WILLIAM EVERITT proceeded to Montreal, May 24th, to meet his wife-to-be, Miss Nellie Ford, of Wolverhampton, England, who crossed on the Minnedosa, arriving at Montreal, Sunday, May 29th. The happy couple will be united in marriage at East Kildonan shortly after reaching Winnipeg.

Curling Cup Presented at Land Staff Social

By ARTHUR SWINDELL

THE land department social, May 5th, was the first of its kind. Attendance was confined to the members of the staff, with the exception that the wives or husbands were invited, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Fares, and Mr. West thus being included in the number which sat down to dinner in the H.B.C. store dining room.

Mr. F. N. Nicholson was chairman for the evening, having been chairman of the committee on arrangements composed of (in addition) Messrs. Thomas, Almond, Evans and McDill.

Toasts given, in addition to that of "The King," were "Hudson's Bay Company," by Mr. G. L. Bellingham, replied to by the Land Commissioner; "The Ladies," by Mr. H. A. J. Macdougall, replied to by Miss Steele.

The ladies were the guests of the gentlemen who had been battling during the winter in the great game of curling for a very handsome cup, presented by the Company. Four rinks entered, skipped respectively by Messrs. Harman, Bellingham, Joslyn and McDill.

Presentation of the cup was made by the Land Commissioner to Mr. Joslyn, of the winning rink, expressing the pleasure it gave him to meet the staff, in that social way. The winning rink, skipped by Mr. Joslyn, consisted of Messrs. Joslyn, Nicholls, Nicholson and Fares. Their skip returned thanks in a happy little speech in which he suggested that an expert should talk to the curlers on the fine points of the game, and did not see why there should not be some ladies' rinks.

A very good programme followed. It would be invidious to make comparisons, but all enjoyed offerings by Mrs. West, Miss McCready and Miss Belyea. Mr. B. A. Everitt astonished all with the ineffable charm of his fine baritone. Mr. McDill showed what could be done with the saxophone and Miss Burnett with the feet. The Commissioner showed his ability in a well rendered pianoforte solo.

After the completion of the programme, dancing was indulged in.

WHOLESALE—DEPOT

J. Pocock, of the country shipping room, met with a painful accident a short time ago, having his hand crushed in the freight elevator. He is progressing favorably and is well on the way to recovery.

"Joe" Lyons, manager of the hardware department, who last year gained the distinction of landing the biggest fish ever pulled out of the Lake of the Woods, spent the 24th of May at Minaki in an attempt to add to his laurels. Strange as it may seem, Joe informed us that he did not get a single bite all day, which goes to show that even a fisherman is capable of telling the truth—sometimes.

P. M. Rennie, former inspector of mail order branches, has moved to Calgary where he replaces Mr. John Anderson as manager of that branch. Mr. Anderson is spending holidays in the old country.

The Country Travellers are reported to be having a rough life these days. The little Fords have been taken out of cold storage and the salesmen are once more hitting the high spots over the beautiful Manitoba mud.

During their recent conference, an inspection of the candy factory was made by the stores managers. The visitors were greatly impressed with the plant and much interested in the up-to-date machinery and the sanitary methods employed in manufacturing H.B.C. confectionery products.

Billy Patterson was the victim of a peculiar accident while coming to the office on a street car the other morning. Bill had his eye on a seat and a lady sat on it.

Insert, left, C. W. Veysey, Hon. Pres.; right, A. P. Evans, Pres. Back row, left to right, W. Paul, trainer; A. Knowles, committee; W. Watson; W. Patterson; H. Pitts; M. Snider; J. Wilson; E. B. Johnson, Sec.-Treas.; A. Brock, committee; D Swan, trainer. Centre row, H. G. Foley; R. Kane, captain; J. Allan; C. Wark. Front row, A. Thompson; H. Garner; absent, J. K. Seal; M. McDonald. Old Fort Garry gate in the background.

Depot Footballers Off to Winning Start

By E. B. JOHNSON

THE H.B.C. WHOLESALE FOOTBALL team started doing business May 12th in the Winnipeg Mercantile League. In the opening fixture of the league, the depot boys were matched against the husky policemen, who despite their advantage in weight and size were considered fortunate in coming out with one point to their credit. The game ended in a tie—two all. The grounds were heavy and certainly not conducive to good football.

Spiers-Parnell were the opposition on May 19th. After a contest marked by sterling defence work on the part of the bakers, H.B.C. emerged victorious by one goal, the only tally of the game.

We have been handicapped this year by the difficulty in getting suitable grounds on which to practice. Consequently work-outs have been few and far between. However, we are quite satisfied that the boys will give a good account of themselves before the season ends.

Luxura CONFECTIONERY
MADE AT OUR WINNIPEG FACTORY
HUDSON'S BAY CO WHOLESALE DEPT

The Unique Confectionery Booth

H.B.C. Exhibits Admired

Displays of Confectionery and Teas at Made-in-Winnipeg Exhibition Provoke Favorable Comment

OUTSTANDING features of the Made - in - Winnipeg Exhibition, May 9th to 16th, were the attractively set up exhibits of "Luxura" confections and the new "Rangalla" tea by Hudson's Bay Company, wholesale.

Thousands of visitors at the show learned for the first time that chocolates and other candies are being made in Winnipeg by the historic old Company.

The background of the H.B.C. confectionery booth was made from an assortment of 115 five-pound bottles of satin-finished, hard-boiled candy. Eight 20-pound wooden boxes of assorted caramels and marshmallows formed the second layer. The base of the pyramid was lined with drums and pails of assorted mixtures. Messrs. Alex. Thompson and George Eddington created the unique booth and display.

HUDSON'S BAY CO WHOLESALE DEPT
RANGALLA
The Better
TEA
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

Display of New "Rangalla" Tea Brand

A show case neatly arrayed with this season's line of fancy boxes was on the right with another case displaying the H.B.C. popular lines of chocolates—"Country Club," "Luxura" and "Premier" in five pound boxes at the left. About four hundred pounds of candy were handed out in samples to the public during exhibition week.

The word "Rangalla" stood out very prominently at the rear of the Company's tea display.

Being a new tea name to the people of Winnipeg, many thousand eyes gazed up at the sign of "The Better Tea."

Winnipeg housewives are keen judges of what good tea should be and they expressed their satisfaction of "Rangalla" by leaving orders with the demonstrator to be delivered through their tradesmen. "Rangalla" is a decidedly high class cup quality tea, pungent and very flavory.

VERNON

Presentation to Mr. Pout

MR. H. POUT, who for the past five years has held the position of manager of H.B.C. Vernon store, and who has been appointed merchandise manager of the Company's new Victoria store, was recently presented with a beautiful diamond tie pin and farewell letter signed by every member of the staff expressing their regrets at losing him, and satisfaction that his sterling merits had been so worthily recognized at headquarters. The staff feel that they are not only losing their manager, but also that their Big Brother is going away from them.

The Sisters' Sewing Circle, which has met once each week during the winter months at the homes of the different employees, will hold their last meeting this month and devote their evenings during the summer months to tennis, boating, fishing and swimming.

Promotions

Miss Mabel Strange, who for the past eighteen months has acted as assistant buyer of the dry goods department, has been appointed buyer of the ready-to-wear department.

Miss Gladys Cridland, of the dress goods and silks department, has been promoted to the position of assistant buyer of dry goods department.

Miss Frances E. Wakefield, of smallwear department, promoted to staples section.

Miss Phyllis Ripley, promoted to dress goods and silks department.

Wedding Bells

MRS. A. WHITELAW, who recently resigned as manager of the ready-to-wear department, was married May 12th, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, to Mr. H. J. H. Evans. Mr. Evans is the government fruit pest inspector for the Okanagan Valley. The bride wore a navy tricotine suit with silver and navy georgette waist, and hat to match, and wore a corsage bouquet of violets and lily-of-the-valley.

After the wedding the bride and groom drove to the Vernon Jubilee hospital and the bride kindly presented her wedding corsage to Miss May Pout, who is recovering from a recent operation for appendicitis and but for the illness would have rendered the music at the wedding.

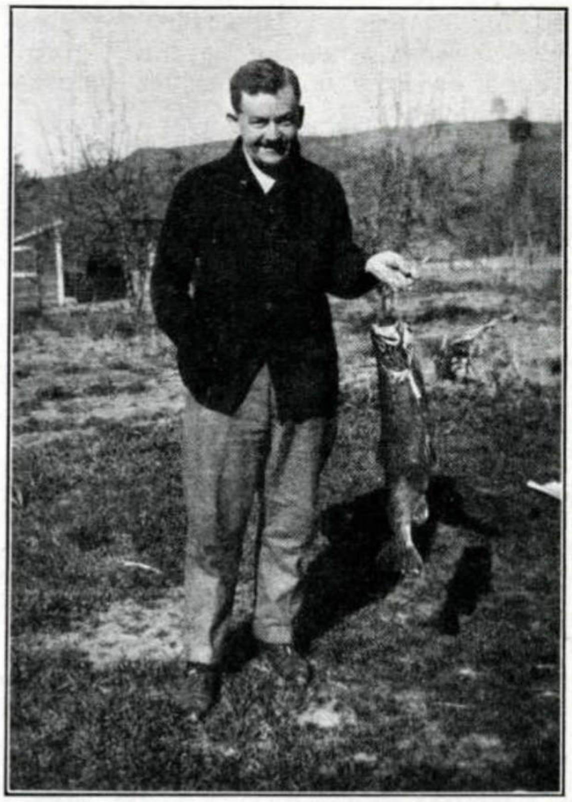
Staff Holidays

Miss Roberta Covington, better known as "Bob," of basket ball fame, member of the office staff, left on May 10th for her home at Slocan for a well-earned rest of two weeks.

Miss Doris Thatcher, who sells "black women's hose" left May 19th for Kelowna, for a two weeks' vacation.

* * *

ANY MAN OR BOOK that will cause us to think of ten things that we never thought of before is worth listening to, or reading, and it makes no difference whether we agree or not.



FISH!!

A still small voice from the Okanagan.

HULLO, Winnipeg! Hullo, Calgary! Take a look at this now! No, no, it isn't a pike in its second childhood caught by pikers. It isn't a bass, or even a salmon. It's a *real* fish—just a little seven-pound rainbow trout caught by Watson, of the Vernon Store, from the Kalamalka lake, two miles from the store—the central point round which God's country rotates.

It—the rainbow trout aforementioned—was killed after a twenty-minute struggle and was landed without either gaff or net.

Of course, it is only a little one compared with some we catch. It just happened to be the first one we caught after reading some of those "whale" yarns.

If you don't believe it, come on over and we'll show you the holes in the lake where we've taken them out. We get them so fast that the water hasn't time to fill up.

* * *

HER STARLIKE TEETH

He said, "Your teeth are like the stars."
The maiden's eyes grew bright.
"Your teeth are like the stars, dear,
For they all came out at night."

EDMONTON

Retail Store Notes

Mr. F. F. Harker, manager of the Edmonton store, has returned after an absence of four weeks, spent in the Eastern markets and on other important business for the Company. Mr. Harker reports that trade conditions in general are poor and that the West is fortunate in escaping this depression.

Miss Maisie Goodman is the new stenographer in the Advertising Department, succeeding Miss Ruth Williamson, who resigned to return to her home in Duluth. We are pleased to welcome her to our ranks.

Mr. McKenzie, the assistant manager, is now acting in a dual capacity, having recently filled the breach left open by the resignation of Mr. J. D. McLean, superintendent.

Mr. J. D. McLean, superintendent of the store, was the recipient of a presentation by the staff, upon his severing his connection with the Company on May 14th. Miss Lillian Hardy, the oldest member of the staff, made the presentation on behalf of the employees.

Mrs. Skow, private secretary to the manager, was also the recipient of a beautiful set of silverware, a gift of the office staff, upon her resignation, May 13th. Miss Bennett made the presentation on behalf of the assembly. Mrs. Skow leaves behind her a host of friends and her services to the Company will be greatly missed.

Musings Between Sales

Some men are fired by enthusiasm; but more are fired by their boss.

A clerk is known by the customers he keeps.

Never strike a man when he is down—he may get up again.

It is better to make a fool of yourself than not to make anything at all of yourself.

Slow and steady wins the race—when the other fellow is asleep.

Advice may be cheap, but it is often worth taking.

Amusement and Athletic Association

Officers elected for the ensuing year are:

Hon. President—F. F. Harker.

Hon. Vice-President—G. MacKenzie.

President—P. A. Stone.

Secretary-Treasurer—T. A. Crockett.

And executive committee of fourteen members.

The football season has commenced and we can report favorably on our team, which is entered in the Intermediate City League. We have already won four exhibition games, two of which were against senior teams. The opening league game against Revillon's Wholesale ended in our favor by 4—0. Judging by the form of the boys, we are very hopeful of annexing the league championship.

Baseball is due to commence on May 23rd, and we have a likely looking team for the Mercantile League.

Basketball (Ladies).—Our girls are getting busy again and appear to be stronger than last year.

June Bride

The cashier took ill in the basement,
She checked C.O.D.'s down there;
Then came a lament from the drivers,
Our accounts will be up in the air.

However, in there came tripping,
A prim little miss from above,
And a driver's heart went skipping;
Now we all know it is L——.

The first time he cashed in his money
He coloured and stammered, then smirked;
But now he talks smoother than honey,
Some day I believe they'll be churched.

On pay day a song we all hear,
A smile on his face we can see;
Now we are betting "the little cashier"
Will soon have him C.O.D.

CALGARY

Retail Store Notes

A few changes have taken place on the second floor recently. Mrs. Adshead has been transferred from the whitewear department to the ready-to-wear. Her place has been taken by Miss Sharpe, who hails from Seattle.

Miss Burton, who comes from Oklahoma City, has joined the blouse department, whilst Mrs. Johnson from Wenatchee, Washington, has been added to the staff of the children's department. These three fair Americans are given a hearty welcome.

Mrs. Thorburn, buyer of ladies' furs, is at present in the East and expects to be absent for some time.

Mrs. Clarke has again returned from the markets and has been more fortunate than ever, judging from the good values in dresses and suits that are arriving.

Who said Joe Marsh had started a poultry business? He took only two roosters out to the farm. Poor old Joe, he is so fond of new laid eggs!

Mr. and Mrs. Kitson are rejoiced at the birth of a baby girl (May Doreen). Friend Kitson says he doesn't mind floorwalking all day, but when he has to continue all night it gets his goat.

Seventeen Thousand Blooms Sold in Three Days

A DEPARTMENT of great interest is the Flower Shop on the main floor. At the successful opening four weeks ago, 17,000 blooms were sold during the first three days, also a large number of ferns, palms and other plants.

Mr. A. J. Bartle of Calgary has been appointed manager of this department, being ably assisted by Miss Chisholm of Toronto.

A long felt want has been filled, as the prices are in harmony with the policy of the Company. As much stock as possible is being grown in Calgary, but the whole of the country and the western states had to be searched in order to supply the demand.

Friends will appreciate the fact that Mr. Bartle has been a director of the Calgary Horticultural Society for many years. Mr. Bartle has undertaken to attend the flower gardens at the H.B.A.A.A. Club House.

Prospects for Tennis, 1921

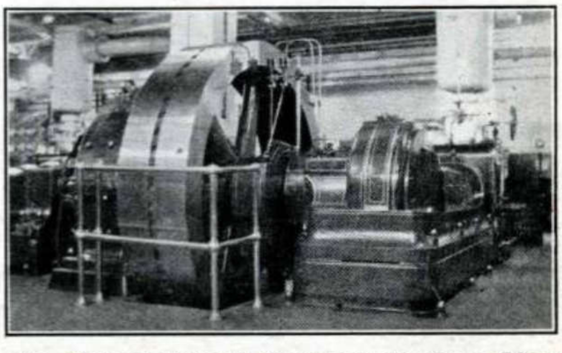
By A. WILKINSON

THE outlook for a successful tennis season looks very bright. With a good line-up of prospective players all are anxious to get away to an early start. If the "weather-man" will be a little more generous with sunshine on Wednesdays all will be well.

The executive have rented the Prince's Island courts for Wednesday afternoons. These are prettily situated in the heart of Calgary, surrounded by fine shade trees, an excellent location for tennis enthusiasts to spend their weekly half holiday.

Over thirty "tennis bugs" have signed up and many others are anxious to be in this most popular sport section of the H.B.A.A.A.

(Remember: Your membership card of the H.B.A.A.A. entitles you to all sports and social functions without extra cost—JOIN UP NOW).



One of the big Electric Engines in the Power Plant of H.B.C. Calgary Store which furnishes "juice" to the many Elevators.

April "Get-together" of H.B.C. Music Buyers

By G. BRENNAND

IT has been said that women obtain their brilliancy by their constant "getting together" and talking things over.

This thought, or the substance of it, no doubt prompted the management to instruct the music buyers from Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg and Calgary to meet in Calgary on Monday, April 18th, to discuss an organized, uniform policy for adoption throughout the music departments.

Mr. J. M. Gibson, general manager of H.B.C. Calgary store, opened the conference by telling the men present to "lay all the cards on the table" and to be perfectly frank. They did. They covered the whole field of purchasing, selling efforts and related subjects as thoroughly as possible in the time at their disposal, and submitted a lengthy report of their findings to their respective general managers.

We had intended showing you a photograph of the men who are responsible for the spread of "melody" in H.B.C. stores, but the camera man found the group too difficult for a new and nervous camera, so when the proofs were sent up they appeared to have a "new Jazz effect" which would not reproduce at all.

Those in attendance were Mr. J. M. Gibson, general manager of Calgary store, and Messrs. Gowan, Walker, Atkins and Brennand, of Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg and Calgary stores, respectively.

Everybody Helped in Clubhouse Renovation

By LOU DOLL

THE Calgary Hudson's Bay Athletic members did a good stroke of business when they assembled at their Club House on the afternoon of May 4th.

At the last meeting of the executive it was decided to hold an afternoon of work and general clean-up, and it is putting it in a mild form to say that the first working bee was a success.

Led by Chairman J. S. Smith, the good fellows of the store went after the Club House and grounds like old-time decorators, and when the supper bell sounded the place looked like a fashionable country club. The house received a new coat of paint, while the grounds were put in perfect order.

The lady members showed their appreciation of the boys' effort by preparing a dainty supper. The new grounds keeper is now stationed at the Club House, and everything looks very bright for the best season in the history of the club, which boasts a membership of 400.

Great Activity in Sports This Season

By F. R. REEVE

SEASON 1921 as regards the Calgary A.A., shows every sign of being the most successful yet.

The club house and golf course are opened and a groundsman and caterer are in charge. Work has commenced on greens and tees and these are rapidly nearing excellent shape for the season's work. A cricket pitch has been installed and many enthusiasts of the old game are taking up practice on Wednesday afternoons. The store has affiliated with a cricket league in the city and many games are scheduled during the summer.

In addition to the cinder tennis courts at the Club House, the H.B.A.A. has rented four courts on Prince's Island.

Baseball, under the leadership of R. W. Gibson, commences on club grounds in the near future. A good diamond is being laid for this purpose.

A new feature of the Club grounds for this season is the laying out of a football field, where it is hoped the team will get necessary practice and store league games be played.

Basketball under the leadership of Lou Doll merely wants warm weather in order to blossom forth into greater activity.

Negotiations are now under way with regard to securing for the season six bowling greens, within the city limits. These, if secured, will be known as the H.B.A.A. Bowling Club which a limited number of outsiders will be permitted to join with the approval of the Committee.

The Gun Club, under leadership of R. Chamberlain, is in progress of formation and as we have a pigeon trap at the grounds, it is expected that shooting will commence very shortly.

Miss Patton, chairman of the ladies' swimming club, has organized a most enthusiastic club of fifty ladies who, once a week, use the Y.W.C.A. bath for swimming. The A.A. purposes to pay the instruction fees for this class.

Men's swimming club, under Mr. R. Bunning, also will commence operations in the course of a few weeks.

Mr. Joe Walsh, skipper of the golf committee, is very busy these days arranging a handicap tournament, which he states will be a feature every month throughout the season.

The Adventures of Sales Book No. 666

(Continued from April issue)

THE saleslady who next needed a book was No. 6606. She threw her old book into the desk and waited for the new one. The inspector just then had a parcel to wrap. Instead of doing one job at a time and doing it right, she reached out for me and gave me to the saleslady without entering in her book the name of the girl to whom she gave me.

I was then placed in the book cover and laid on the counter while my owner went to the other end of the department to talk to another clerk. Presently a customer came to our counter and as my owner was still talking, another saleslady waited on the customer. The sale promised to be a good one. While displaying the merchandise the clerk inadvertently placed some of it on top of me.

This would not have caused any trouble on some occasions, but just then another customer came along and wanted attention.

My owner finally stopped her conversation and came forward to wait on this second customer. It was but a small purchase she wished to make and the merchandise was soon ready; the next thing to do was to make out the saleslip, but as I was completely covered up, the saleslady hunted up and down the counter and finally saw the other saleslady's book. In her haste she did not notice it was the wrong book, so she wrote out a record of the sale with her clerk number (6606) on the saleslip.

The parcel was soon done up, change made and away went the customer. Before very long the first customer left, the merchandise was put away and I was uncovered again.

Now, to leave my own personal troubles for a time, I will tell you the result of that little piece of carelessness. During the afternoon of the following day a girl came to our department from the audit office and asked for Clerk No. 6606. She exhibited to her the saleslip. The girl recognized her own writing but could not understand why the book number was not that of her own book. The inspector was then asked to whom she issued this book No. 660, and on turning up her record book she said it belonged to Clerk No. 6603; so the other clerk was asked for her book and on the tissue there it was, clerk number 6606, so she lost the credit for having made the sale and clerk number 6603 gained it. Besides, the audit department lost considerable time tracing the error.

(To be continued)

European Sample Rooms Help H.B.C. Buying Power

Concentration of Overseas Samples in Charge of Mr. Jack White Reviewed by All Stores.

BY F. R. REEVE

Jack White

THE H.B.C. European sample room at Calgary was instituted about nine years ago for the purpose of concentrating all classes of British and continental samples so that buyers from all H. B. C. stores might review the products of European manufacturers twice a year and obtain every facility for making purchases of goods needed for their various departments.

It is an institution that has been of vital importance to the Company's buying power, as all samples are collected from the manufacturers of Britain and the continent, and the prices obtained are similar to those enjoyed by wholesalers and jobbers.

Mr. White, the manager of the sample room, spends about four months of the year at Calgary and eight months in England collecting new ranges for each season.

Upon his arrival at Calgary, Mr. White advises all H.B.C. stores, which then despatch certain representative buyers so as to coincide with buyers of similar lines from other H.B.C. stores. This method tends strongly to carry out the idea of proper standardization of merchandise and places each H.B.C. store, large or small, on the same footing.

Mr. White has had thirty years' service with the Company. He started as a boy at Winnipeg and gradually worked his way up. He has always been a painstaking, hard-working employee of the Company, and his rise in the service is an exemplification of the success that a young man may achieve by constant application along a single line of endeavor. His wide and expert knowledge of goods, values and markets and of the kinds of merchandise required by the Western Canadian public has not come to him by any "royal road" but only through the medium of unceasing study and effort.

The "Best-Seller"

THE Bible is the "best-seller" of all time. Although it is three hundred years since the King James version of the Bible was translated and printed, it remains the best-selling book in the world today.

The King James version was completed in 1611, after seven years' work on the part of 47 English scholars. It is perhaps the best translation of any book in any language.

Of the Bible, Sir William Jones said:

"It contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from all other books in whatever language they have been written."

Some genius for statistics has found that the Bible contains 3,536,489 letters, 773,693 words, 31,173 verses, and 1189 chapters.

The word "and" occurs 46,277 times.

—William Feather

Back Row, left to right
Kitson, inside right; Barber, inside-left; White, right-half. Russell, outside-right.
Second Row
Benson, centre-half; Gauld, goal; Dowty, captain and outside-left; Sced, left-half.
Front Row
Blair, centre-forward; Macleod, inside-left; Oakley, right-half.

Football Team Hopes to Place in Finals

By G. GAULD

THE H.B.C. football team has been very unlucky at the start this season, but judging from other seasons it is a good omen. In 1913, when we won the championship, it was much the same, quite a few setbacks at the start and finishing up with a win each game right to the final. Until we get our senior players transferred, and the necessary adjustments in the team made, we can't expect much else in the way of results than we have had. So here's hoping for the "turn of the tide" and a place in the final.

A PLUNGE IN HOSIERY

Miss Mary Patton of Hosiery fame
Decided to try the Swimming Game,
So she packed her suit in a tiny grip
And forth to the "Y" did jauntily trip.

She is not over tall, or either so slim,
But very ambitious to learn to swim,
In fact her friends to joke her, say "Pat
I really believe you are getting fat."

In her suit of blue she looked quite plump
As she stepped out for the final plunge,
And some folks say she cut quite a dash
As she landed below with a terrible splash.

Still others say (which seems quite shocking)
She took the plunge without any stockings,
And some one asked (but of course this is fable)
Why she did not patronize her own Bargain Table.

VANCOUVER

Greeting Mr. Lockyer on 25 Years' Service

IN connection with the conclusion of twenty-five years' service by **H. T. Lockyer** with H.B.C. stores department at Vancouver, the general manager was presented with the following address on his return from the conference at Winnipeg:

> *"We congratulate you, sir, on the attainment of the twenty-fifth anniversary of your chieftainship of the Terminal City's branch of the Great Company.*
>
> *From the day when you entered the Company's service as accountant until the present you have directed all your energies and outstanding abilities to the furtherance of H.B.C. interests, and with a dominant geniality of spirit in dealing with employees, you have won our admiration and respect.*
>
> *Guiding the fortunes of the business here through periods of severe trial and depression (no less than in brighter times) your unfailing foresight and reliable judgment have had much to do with the large measure of steady progress that has marked the quarter of a century just completed."*

Club Grounds Opening

By F. S. GARNER

THE opening was arranged to take place at the Shaughnessy Grounds for May 4th, but the persistent interference of "Jupiter Pluvius" necessitated the putting off of the event until May 18th when the weather was more settled. The postponement of the opening day proved auspicious, for with the warmer weather and most of the buyers in town a more representative gathering assembled.

EVENTS	WINNERS
Necktie Race	*Miss Paull and Gerald Wilson*
50 Yards (Ladies)	*Miss Engleman*
50 Yards (Men)	*Mr. Wise*
Children's Race	*Jack Batson, Julia Batson*
Blindfold Race	*Miss Ridley*
3-Legged Race	*Louise Marshall, John Goldie*
Wheelbarrow Race	*Mr. Wise, Miss Ridley*
100 Yards (Men)	*Mr. Wise*

Mr. Hunter, of Calgary, the new appointee for buyer of boys' and men's wear in H.B.C. Victoria store, was a visitor to the grounds during the afternoon. With Mr. Skelly he played a game of bowls against Messrs. Thomas and Boyle. Whether it was beginners' luck or not, they certainly carried off the laurels from the veteran players.

The presence of Mrs. Lockyer was a great encouragement to those who had worked so hard to make the opening of the sports season a big success. A sumptuous tea was served from 5:30 and afterwards willing hands lifted the carpets and the tripping of the "light fantastic" occupied the closing hours of a perfect day.

Surprising Miss McLaren

A PLEASANT surprise party was held recently at the home of Miss S. Robinson, 119 8th Avenue W., in honor of Miss A. G. MacLaren, who is leaving us to go to the new Victoria store.

About twenty of her friends from the second floor were present, including Mr. Taylor, who presented the guest of honor with a handsome club bag and a pair of gloves.

While we were all glad to see Miss "Mac" get such well earned promotion, we shall miss her sadly from the store. She was an energetic worker on our social committee and her place will be hard to fill.

Bald Eagle Falls to H.B.C. Men

By MRS. JACK HAWKSHAW

IT gives a real thrill to see a bald eagle in its native haunts. It is so large, so majestic and flies with so much evidence of its enormous strength that one is impressed with the thought that here is the king of birds!

Such was the experience of Messrs. Taylor and Sutherland, beating up the cross currents in their skiff opposite to Gibson's Landing recently. Mr. Sutherland sighted the big bird as it slowly circled down upon the waters and, with a hardly perceptible flicker of wing, wheeled towards the wooded cliffs of West Vancouver.

"Ted" took sights while Mr. Taylor manned the boat, and aimed at the big fellow; followed the crack of the rifle, the rush of the winged bullet and the king of the forest eyries, stricken in his flight, lay a tangled bunch of bones and feathers in the trough of the waves, still grasping in his talons the prey he had snatched from the water when he swooped down. When salvaged he measured seven feet nine inches from tip to tip of wings.

In writing of this great bird, Audubon expressed regret that it should have been selected as the national emblem of the United States and referred to the opinion of Benjamin Franklin, who wrote: "Withal, I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as a representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character and does not make his living honestly!"

Despite this, the fact remains that he is one of the most interesting of our wild birds and it would indeed be a calamity if he were to be exterminated. The fine specimen that the local "adventurers" have brought back to a local taxidermist will be viewed with interest by the store employees.

THERE ARRE NOE BYRDES

By ANDREW DICK, *the Office Boy*

There arre noe byrdes
In laste yeare's nestes,
Butte there arre spottes
On laste yeare's vestes!
In laste yeare's belfries
Are no battes;
But there arre heades
In laste yeare's hats!
The morre you reade
The morre you knowe
Eny, meeny,
Miny, moe!
(The Electrish Chair for Andy!)

Copy of letter received by H.B.C. Wholesale from a Beach Customer:

"Please send me 50 yards of chicken fence for big chickens 6 feet high, weight 60 lbs. I am enclosing $10.00 ten dollars, if it's more charge it on my bill. Please send it as soon as possible."

SEND A POSTAL

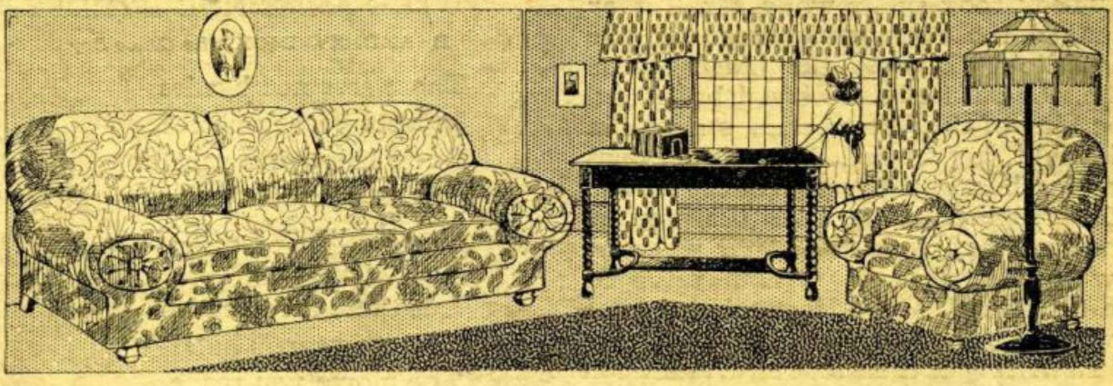
for a copy of The Great-West Report for 1920.

Prudent men see the necessity for Life Insurance. And they see the need for choosing that Insurance with the utmost care.

Your choice will be simplified by reading the above Report. No clearer proof could be given of the value of The Great-West Policies.

For the fourteenth successive year the Company stands first for Canadian Business—showing the wide approval of the Great-West Policies. High interest earnings, low expense rates and a favorable mortality continue to be outstanding features—and lead to high returns to Policyholders.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company
Dept. "D. 30" **Head Office: WINNIPEG**



PERMANENCE
in home furnishings

THE BEAUTY, comfort and service of H.B.C. furniture are not ephemeral. They last. Created to satisfy a rigid standard of Quality, these upholstered pieces combine greatest Luxury with truest Economy. They give more ease per hour and cost less per year of usage than ordinary furniture. Hence it is hardly surprising that those most particular about home furnishings place unreserved confidence in the Company's products.

EVERYTHING for the Home Beautiful—furniture, hangings, drapes, floor coverings, electrical equipment and music goods of supreme Quality.

Hudson's Bay Company
INCORPORATED A.D. 1670

LONDON NEW YORK MONTREAL WINNIPEG CALGARY EDMONTON
VANCOUVER VICTORIA LETHBRIDGE VERNON KAMLOOPS
NELSON YORKTON AND INLAND